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WITHIN AND WITHOUT:

52733

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

" What life it is, and how that all these lives do gather—
With outward maker's force, or like an inward father."
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1855.

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LONDON:
A and G. A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-street-Square.

TO

L. P. M. D.

RECEIVE thine own; for I and it are thine.
Thou know'st its story; how, for forty days,
Weary with sickness and with social haze,
After thy hands and lips with love divine
Had somewhat soothed me, made my glory shine,
Though with a watery lustre; more delays
Of blessedness forbid — I took my ways
Into a solitude, Invention's mine;
There thought and wrote, far off, yet near to thee.
Those days gone by, I came, and brought a book,
My child, developed since in limb and look;
It came in shining vapours from the sea,
And in thy stead sung low sweet songs to me,
When the red life-blood labour would not brook.

G. M. D.

May, 1855.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Go thou into thy closet; shut thy door;
And pray to Him in secret: He will hear.
But think not thou by one wild bound to clear
The infinite ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near,
Even to clasp and kiss the feet so dear
Which, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the Spring;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed;
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

PART I.

SCENE I. *A Cell in a Convent.* JULIAN *alone.*

Julian. Evening again, slow creeping like a death!
And the red sunbeams fading from the wall,
On which they flung a sky, with streaks and bars
Of the poor window-pane that let them in,
For clouds and shadings of the mimic heaven!
Soul of my cell, they part, no more to come.
But what is light to me, while I am dark!
And yet they strangely draw me, those faint hues,
Reflected flushes from the Evening's face,
Which as a bride, with glowing arms outstretched,
Takes to her blushing Heaven him who has left
His chamber in the dim deserted East.
Through walls and hills I see it! The rosy sea!
The radiant head half-sunk! A pool of light,
As the blue globe had by a blow been broken,
And the insphered glory bubbled forth!
Or the sun were a splendid water-bird,
That flying furrowed with its golden feet
A flashing wake over the waves, and home!
Lo there!—Alas, the dull blank wall!—High up,
The window-pane a dead grey eye! And night

Come on me like a thief!——'Tis best: the sun
Has always made me sad. I'll go and pray:
The terror of the night begins with prayer.
(*Vesper bell.*) Call them that need thee; I need not thy summons;
My knees would not so pain me when I kneel,
If only at thy voice my prayer awoke.
I will not to the chapel. When I find Him,
Then will I praise Him from the heights of peace;
But now my soul is as a speck of life
Cast on the deserts of Eternity;
A hungering and a thirsting, nothing more.
I am as a child new-born, its mother dead,
Its father far away beyond the seas.
Blindly I stretch my arms and seek for Him:
He goeth by me, and I see Him not.
I cry to Him: as if I sprinkled ashes,
My prayers fall back in dust upon my soul.
(*Choir and organ music.*) I bless you, sweet sounds, for your visiting.
What friends I have! Prismatic harmonies
Have just departed in the sun's bright coach,
And fair, convolved sounds troop in to me,
Stealing my soul with faint deliciousness.
Would they took shapes! What levees I should hold!
How should my cell be filled with wavering forms!
Louder they grow, each swelling higher, higher;
Trembling and hesitating to float off,

As bright air-bubbles linger, that a boy
Blows, with their interchanging, wood-dove hues,
Just throbbing to their flight, like them to die.
—Gone now! Gone to the Hades of dead loves!
Is it for this that I have left the world?
Left what, poor fool? Is this, then, all that comes
Of that night when the closing door fell dumb
On music and on voices, and I went
Forth from the ordered tumult of the dance,
Under the clear cope of the moonless night,
Wandering away without the city-walls,
Between the silent meadows and the stars?
Till something woke in me, and moved my spirit,
And of themselves my thoughts turned towards God;
When straight within my soul I felt as if
An eye was opened; but I knew not whether
'Twas I that saw, or God that looked on me.
It closed again, and darkness fell; but not
To hide the memory; that, with many failings
Of spirit and of purpose, still returned;
Till I came here at last to search for God.
Would I could find Him! Oh, what quiet content
Would then absorb my heart, yet leave it free.

A tap at the door. Enter Brother ROBERT *with a light.*

Robert. Head in your hands as usual! You will fret
Your life out, sitting moping in the dark.
Come, it is supper-time.

Julian. I will not sup to-night.
Robert. Not sup! You 'll never live to be a saint.
Julian. A saint! The devil has me by the heel.
Robert. So has he all saints; as a boy his kite,
Which ever struggles higher for his hold.
It is a silly devil to gripe so hard;—
He should let go his hold, and then he has you.
If you'll not come, I'll leave the light with you.
Hark to the chorus! Brother Stephen sings.

Chorus. *Always merry, and never drunk,*
That's the life of the jolly monk.

SONG.

They say the first monks were lonely men,
Praying each in his lonely den,
Rising up to kneel again,
Each a skinny male Magdalen,
Peeping scared from out his hole
Like a burrowing rabbit or a mole;
But years ring changes as they roll.
Cho. *Now always merry, &c.*

When the moon gets up with her big round face,
Like Mistress Poll's in the market-place,
Down to the village below we pace;—
We know a supper that wants a grace:
Past the curtseying women we go,
Past the smithy, all a-glow,
To the snug little houses at top of the row.
Cho. *For always merry, &c.*

And there we find, amongst the ale,
The fragments of a floating tale:
To piece them together we never fail,
And we fit them rightly, I'll go bail.
And so we have them all in hand,
The lads and lasses throughout the land,
And we are the masters,—you understand?

Cho. *So always merry, &c.*

Last night we had such a game of play
With the nephews and nieces over the way,
All for the gold that belonged to the clay
That lies in lead till the judgment-day.
The old man's soul they'd leave in the lurch;
But we saved her share for old Mamma Church.
How they eyed the bag as they stood in the porch!

Cho. *Oh! always merry, and never drunk,*
That's the life of the jolly monk.

Robert. The song is hardly to your taste, I see.
Where shall I set the light?

Julian. I do not need it.

Robert. Come, come! The dark is a hot-bed for fancies.
I wish you were at table, were it only
To stop the chattering that they hold about you.
You in the dark are talked of in the light.

Julian. Well, brother, let them talk; it hurts not me.

Robert. No; but it hurts your friend to hear them say,
You would be thought a saint without the trouble;
You do no penance that they can discover;

You keep shut up, say some, eating your heart,
Possessed with a bad conscience, the worst demon;
You are a prince, say others, hiding here,
Till circumstance that bound you, set you free;
To-night there are some whispers of a lady
That would refuse your love.

Julian. Aye! What of her?

Robert. I heard no more than so; and that you came
To seek the next best service you could find;
Turned from the lady's door, and knocked at God's.

Julian. One part at least is true: I knock at God's;
He has not yet been pleased to let me in.
As for the lady — that is — so far true;
But matters little. Had I less to do,
This talking might annoy me; as it is,
Why, let the wind set there, if it pleases it;
I keep in-doors.

Robert. Gloomy as usual, brother!
Brooding on fancy's eggs. God did not send
The light that hour on hour gladdened the earth,
Flashed from the snowy peak, and on the spire
Transformed the weathercock into a star,
That men should gloom within stone walls all day.
At dawn to-morrow, take your staff, and come:
We will salute the breezes, as they rise
From off their lofty beds, laden with odours
Of melting snow, and fresh damp earth, and moss;
Imprisoned spirits, which life-waking Spring

Lets forth in vapour through the genial air.
Come, we will see the sunrise; see the light
Leap from his chariot on the loftiest peak,
And thence descend triumphant, step by step,
Down to the vale below. Free air and action
Will soon dispel these vapours of the brain.

Julian. My friend, if one should tell a homeless boy,
"There is your father's house, go in and rest;"
Through every open room the child would go,
Timidly looking for the friendly eye;
Fearing to touch, scarce daring even to wonder
At what he saw, until he found his sire.
But gathered to his bosom, straight he is
The heir of all; he knows it 'midst his tears.
And so with me: not having seen Him yet,
The light rests on me with a heaviness;
All beauty seems to wear a doubtful look;
A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A meaning on the face of the high hills,
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them: that is God.
These are his words, I doubt not; language strange;
These are the expressions of his shining thoughts;
And he is present, but I cannot find him.
I have not yet been held close to his heart.
Once in his inner room, and by his eyes
Acknowledged, I shall find my home in these,
'Mid sights familiar as a mother's smiles,

And sounds that never lose love's mystery.
Then they will comfort me. Lead me to Him!

Robert. (*Pointing to the Crucifix in a recess.*) See, there is God revealed in human form!

Julian. (*Kneeling and crossing.*) Alas, my friend!
Revealed — but as in nature.
I see the man; I cannot find the God.
I know his voice is in the wind, his presence
Is in the Christ. The wind blows where it listeth;
And there is manhood glorified; but God
Is there, not here. (*Pointing to his bosom. Seeing Robert's bewildered look, and changing his tone.*)
You understand me not.
Without my need, you cannot know my want.
To-night you will be puzzling to determine
With which of the old heretics to class me.
But you are honest; will not rouse the cry
Against me. I am honest too. For proof,
Such as will satisfy a monk, look here!
Is this a smooth belt, brother? And look here!
Did one week's scourging seam my side like that?
I am ashamed to speak thus, and to show
Such hidden things; but in my heart I love you,
And cannot bear but you should think me true.
Let it excuse my foolishness. They talk
Of penance! Let them talk when they have tried,
And find it has not even unbarred Heaven's gate,
Let out one stray beam of its living light,

Nor humbled that proud *I* that knows not God.
I know you are my friend—if you should find
This cell is empty some day, do not fear
That any ill has happened.

Robert. Well, perhaps
'Twere better you should go. I cannot help you,
But I can keep your secret. God be with you. (*Goes.*)

Julian. Amen. A good man. But he has not waked,
And seen the Sphynx's stony eyes fixed on him.
God veils it. He believes in Christ, he thinks;
And so he does, as possible for him.
How he will wonder when he looks for Heaven!
He thinks me an enthusiast, because
I seek to know God, and to hear his voice
Speak to my heart in silence; as of old
The Hebrew King, when, still, upon his bed,
He lay communing with his heart; and God
With strength in his soul did strengthen him, till he
In his light saw light. God *will* speak to men.
My soul leans towards Him; stretches forth its arms,
And waits expectant. Speak to me, my God;
And let me know the living Father cares
For me, even me; for this one of his children.—
Hast thou no word for me? I am thy thought.
God, let thy mighty heart beat into mine,
And let mine answer as a pulse to thee.
See, I am low; yea, very low; but thou
Art high, and thou can'st lift me up to thee.

I am a child, a fool before Thee, God;
But thou hast made my weakness as my strength.
I am an emptiness for thee to fill;
My soul, a cavern for thy sea. I lie
Diffused, abandoning myself to thee. . . . .
————I will look up, if life should fail in looking.
Ah me! A stream cut from my parent-spring!
Ah me! A life lost from its father-life!

SCENE II. *The Refectory. The monks at table. A buzz of conversation.* ROBERT *enters, wiping his forehead.*

Stephen. (*Somewhat obese; speaking across the table.*)
You see, my friend, it will not stand to logic;
Or, if you like it better, stand to reason;
For in this doctrine is involved a *cause*
Which for its very being doth depend
Upon its own *effect.* For, don't you see,
He tells me to have faith, and I shall live?
Have faith for what? Why, plainly, that I shall
Be saved from Hell by him, and ta'en to Heaven;
What is salvation else? If I believe,
Then he will save me. . . But this his *will*
Has no existence till that I believe;
So there is nothing for my faith to rest on,
No object for belief. How can I trust
In that which is not? Send the salad, Cosmo.
Besides, 'twould be a plenary indulgence;

To all intents save one, most plenary —
And that the Church's coffer. 'Tis absurd.
Monk. 'Tis most absurd, as you have clearly shown.
And yet I fear some of us have been nibbling
At this same heresy. 'Twere well that one
Should find it poison. I have no pique at him —
But there's that Julian —
Stephen. Hush! speak lower, friend.
Two Monks further down the table. In a low tone.
1*st Monk.* Where did you find her?
2*nd Monk.* She was taken ill
At the Star-in-the-East. I chanced to pass that way,
And so they called me in. I found her dying.
But ere she would confess and make her peace,
She begged to know if I had ever seen
About this neighbourhood, a tall dark man,
Moody and silent, with a little stoop,
As if his eyes did pull his shoulders down,
And a strange look of mingled youth and age,—
1*st Monk.* Julian, by———
2*nd Monk.* 'St—no names! I had not seen him.
I saw the death-mists gathering in her eye,
And urged her to proceed; and she began;
But went not far before delirium came,
With endless repetitions, hurryings forward,
Recoverings like a hound at fault. The Past
Was running riot in her conquered brain;
And there, with doors thrown wide, a motley group

Held carnival; went freely out and in,
Meeting and jostling. But withal it seemed
As some confused tragedy went on;
Till suddenly the lights sunk out; the pageant
Vanished like ghosts; the chambers of her brain
Lay desolate and silent. I can gather
This much, and nothing more. This Julian
Is one of some distinction; probably rich,
And titled *Count*. He had a love-affair,
In good-boy, layman fashion, seemingly—
Give me the woman, love is troublesome.
She loved him too, but false play came between,
Using this woman for her minister;
Who never would have peached, but for a witness
Hidden behind some curtains in her heart
Leading to unknown chambers—'twas a conscience;
Which now has blabbed so far; but must conclude
Its story to some double-ghostly father,
For she is ghostly penitent by this.
Our consciences will play us no such tricks;
They are the Church's and not ours. We must
Keep this small matter secret. If it should
Come to his ears, he'll soon bid us good-bye—
A lady's love before a heavenly crown!
And so the world will have the benefit
Of this said wealth of his, if such there be.
I have told you, old Godfrey; I tell none else
Until our Abbot comes.

1*st Monk.* That is to-morrow.

Another group near the bottom of the table, in which is ROBERT.

1*st Monk.* 'Tis very clear there's something wrong with him.
Have you not marked that look, half scorn, half pity,
That passes like a thought across his face,
When he has listened, seeming scarce to listen,
Awhile to our discourse? he never joins.

2*nd Monk.* I know quite well. I stood beside him once;
Some of the brethren near; Stephen was talking.
He chanced to say the words, *Our Holy Faith.*
"Faith indeed! poor fools!" fell from his lips,
Half-muttered, and half-whispered, as the words
Had wandered forth unbidden. I am sure
He is an Atheist at the least.

3*rd Monk.* (*Pale-faced and large-eyed.*) And I
Fear he is something worse. I had a trance
In which the devil tempted me: the shape
Was Julian's to the very finger-nails.
Non nobis, Domine! I overcame.
I am sure of one thing — music tortures him:
I saw him once, during the *Gloria Patri,*
When the whole chapel trembled in the sound,
Rise slowly as in ecstasy of pain,
And stretch his arms abroad, and clasp his hands,
Then slowly, faintingly, sink on his knees.

2nd Monk. He does not know his Rubrick; stands when others
Are kneeling round him. I have seen him twice
With his Missal upside down.

4th Monk. (*Plethoric and husky.*) He blew his nose
Quite loud on last Annunciation-day,
And choked our Lady's name in the Abbot's throat.

Robert. When he returns, we must complain; and beg
He'll take such measures as the case requires.

SCENE III. *Julian's cell. An open chest. The lantern on a stool, its candle nearly burnt out.* JULIAN *lying on his bed, looking at the light.*

Julian. And so all growth that is not towards God
Is growing to decay. All increase gained,
No rising upward, but a fungous growth,
Or vile distortion, like the cactus-limbs;
'Tis aspiration as that wick aspires,
Towering above the light it overcomes,
But ever sinking with the dying flame.
O let me *live*, if but a daisy's life;
No toadstool life-in-death, no efflorescence.
Wherefore wilt thou not hear me, Lord of me?
Have I no claim on thee? True, I have none
That springs from me, but much that springs from thee.
Hast thou not made me? Liv'st thou not in me?
I have done nought for thee, am but a want:
But thou who art rich in giving, can'st give claims;
And this same need of thee, which thou hast given,

Is as a claim on thee to give thyself,
And makes me bold to rise and come to thee.
Through all my sinning thou hast not recalled
This witness of thy fatherhood, to plead
For thee with me, and for thy child with thee.
Last night, as now, I seemed to speak with Him;
Or was it but my heart that spoke for Him?
"Thou mak'st me long, and therefore thou wilt give;
"My longing is thy promise, O my God.
"If, having sinned, I thus have lost the claim,
"Why doth the longing yet remain with me,
"And make me bold thus to besiege thy doors?"
"Question not always, child; but keep thy need:
"O keep it; loose not this one bond that holds
"Thy being yet to mine. I give it thee,
"A hungering and a fainting and a pain,
"Yet a God-blessing. Thou art not quite dead
"While this pain lives in thee. I bless thee with it.
"Better to live in pain, than die that death."
So I will live, and nourish this my pain;
For oft it giveth birth unto a hope
That makes me strong in prayer. He knows it too.
Softly I'll walk upon this Earth, as his,
Not mine for revel. I am content to wait.
A voice within I cannot but believe,
Oft calls aloud: God *will* reveal himself.
And now I must go forth; I cannot rest;

It boots not staying here. Thirsting desire
Wakens within me, like a new child-heart,
To be abroad on the mysterious Earth,
Out with the moon in all the blowing winds.
'Tis strange that sights of her should rise again.

For many months I have not seen her image,
Save phantom-like on dim hills of the Past;
Yet since I laid me down an hour ago,
Twice through the vision-chamber, full of eyes,
Has that same evening's dream passed orderly.
Once more I see the house; the inward blaze
Of the glad windows half-quenched in the moon;
The trees that, drooping, murmured to the wind,
"Ah! wake me not;" which left them to their sleep;
All save the poplar; it was full of joy,
So that it could not sleep, but trembled on.
Sudden as Aphrodite from the sea,
She issued radiant from the pearly night.
It took me half with fear to see the gleam
Of her white festal garments, haloed round
With denser moonbeams. On she came—and then
I was bewildered. Something I remember
Of thoughts that choked the passages of sound,
Hurrying forth without their pilot-words;
Of agony, as when a spirit seeks
In vain to hold communion with a man;
A hand that would and would not stay in mine;
A gleaming of her garments far away;

And then I know not what. The moon was low,
When from the earth I rose; my hair was wet,
Dripping with dew—

Enter ROBERT *cautiously.*

Why, how now, Robert?
(*Rising on his elbow.*)

Robert. (*Glancing at the chest.*) I see; that's well; are you nearly ready?

Julian. Why? what's the matter?

Robert. You must go this night,
If you would go at all.

Julian. Why must I go?

Robert. (*Turning over the things in the chest.*) Here, put this coat on! Ah! take that thing too.
No more such head-gear! have you not a hat,
(*going to the chest again*)
Or something for your head? There's such a hubbub
Got up about you! The Abbot comes to-morrow.

Julian. Ah, well! I need not ask. I know it all.

Robert. No, you do not. Nor is there time to tell you.
Ten minutes more, they will be round to bar
The outer doors; and then—good-bye, poor Julian!

JULIAN *is rapidly changing his clothes.*

Julian. Now I am ready, Robert. Thank you, friend.
Farewell! God bless you! we shall meet again.

Robert. Farewell, dear friend! Keep far away from this. (*Goes.*)

JULIAN *follows him out of the cell, steps along a narrow passage to a door, which he opens slowly. He goes out, and closes the door behind him.*

SCENE IV. *Night. The Court of a Country-Inn.* *The* ABBOT, *while his horse is brought out.*

Abbot. Now for a shrine to house this rich Madonna,
Within the holiest of the holy place.
I'll have it made in fashion as a stable,
With porphyry pillars to a marble stall;
And odorous woods, shaved fine like shaken hay,
Shall fill the silver manger for a bed,
Whereon shall lie the ivory Infant carved
By shepherd hands on plains of Bethlehem;
And over him shall bend the Mother mild,
In silken white, and coronetted gems.
Ah me! but wherewithal I see not now—
The Mammon of unrighteousness is scant;
Nor know I any nests of money-bees
That would yield half-contentment to my need.
Yet I will trust and hope; for never in
My journey through this vale of tears, have I
Projected pomp that did not blaze anon.

SCENE V. *After Midnight.* JULIAN *seated under a tree on the roadside.*

Julian. So lies my journey; on into the dark.

Without my will I find myself alive,
And must go forward. Is it God, that draws
Magnetic all the souls unto their home,
Travelling, they know not how, but unto God?
It matters little what may come to me
Of bodily investiture, as lands,
Or house, society, or fame,—mere dress;
But what shall *I* be, fifty summers hence?
My life, my being, all that meaneth *me*,
Goes darkling forward into something—what?
O God, thou knowest. It is not my care.
If thou wert less than Truth, or less than Love,
It were a fearful thing to be, and grow
We know not what. O God, take care of me.
Pardon and swathe me in an infinite love
Pervading and inspiring me, thy child.
And let thy own design in me work on,
Unfolding the ideal man in me;
Which being greater far than I have grown,
I cannot comprehend. I am thine, not mine.
One day, completed unto thine intent,
I shall be able to discourse with thee;
For thy Idea, gifted with a self,
Must be of one with the mind where it sprang,
And fit to talk with thee about thy thoughts.
Lead me, O Father, holding by thy hand;
I ask not whither, for it must be on.

This road will lead me to the hills, I think ;
And there I am in safety and at home.

SCENE VI. *The Abbot's Room. The Abbot and one of the Monks.*

Abbot. Did she say *Julian* ? Did she say the name ?
Monk. She did.
Abbot. And could you learn the lady's name ?
Monk. No, my lord.
Abbot. Nor her residence ?
Monk. Nor that.
She was too wild for me to lead her home.
Abbot. So. Send Julian. One thing I need not ask :
You have kept this matter secret ?
Monk. Yes, my lord.
Abbot. Well, go, and send him hither. (*Monk goes.*)
Said I well,
That wish would burgeon into pomp for me ?
That God doth hear his own elect who cry ?
Now for a shrine, so glowing in the means
That it will draw all eyes by power of light ;
So tender in conceit, that it will draw
All hearts by very strength of delicateness,
And move proud thought to worship ! I must act
With caution now ; must win his confidence ;
Question him of the secret enemies
That fight against his soul ; and lead him thus
To tell me, by degrees, his history.
So shall I find the truth, and lay foundation

For future acts, as circumstance requires.
For if the tale be true that he is rich,
And ——

Re-enter Monk in haste and terror.

Monk. He's gone, my lord; his cell is empty.

Abbot. (*Starting up.*) What! you are crazy. Gone! his cell is empty!

Monk. 'Tis true as death, my lord.

Abbot. Heaven and hell! It shall not be, I swear!
There is a plot in this! You, sir, have lied!
Some one is in his confidence—who is it?
Go rouse the convent. (*Exit Monk.*) He must be followed, found.
Hunt's up, friend Julian; first your heels, old stag!
But by and by your horns, and then your side!
'Tis venison much too good for the world's eating.
I'll go and sift this business to the bran.
Robert and him I have sometimes seen together.
God's curse! it shall fare ill with any man
That has connived at this, if I detect him.

SCENE VII. *Afternoon. The Mountains.* JULIAN.

Julian. Once more I tread thy courts, O God of heaven!
I lay my hand upon a rock, whose peak
Is miles away, and high amidst the clouds.
Perchance I touch the mountain, whose blue summit,
With the fantastic rock upon its side,

Stops the eye's flight from that high chamber-window,
Where, when a boy, I used to sit and gaze
With wondering awe upon that mighty thing,
Terribly calm, alone, self-satisfied,
The *hitherto* of my child thoughts. Beyond,
A sea might roar around its base. Beyond,
Might be the depths of the unfathomed space,
This the Earth's bulwark over the abyss.
Upon its very point I have watched a star
For a few moments crown it with a fire,
As of an incense-offering that blazed
Upon this mighty altar high uplift,
Until it floated up the waste of heaven.
From the next window I could look abroad
Over a plain unrolled, which God had painted
With trees, and meadow-grass, and a large river,
Where boats went to and fro like water-flies,
In white and green. But still I turned to look
At that one mount, aspiring o'er its fellows:
All here I saw—I knew not what was there.
O love of knowledge and of mystery,
Striving together in the heart of man!
"Tell me, and let me know; explain the thing."—
Then when the courier-thoughts have circled round:
"Alas! I know it all; its charm is gone!"
But I must hasten; else the sun will set
Before I reach the smoother valley-road.
I wonder if my old nurse lives; or has

Enough of eyesight left to know me yet.
Four years of wandering since I left my home,
In sunshine and in snow, in ship and cell,
Must have worn changes in this face of mine
Sufficient to conceal me, if I will.

SCENE VIII. *A Dungeon in the Monastery. A ray of the moon on the floor.* ROBERT.

Robert. One comfort is, he's far away by this.
Perhaps this comfort is my deepest sin.
Where shall I find a daysman in this strife
Between my heart and holy Church's words?
Is not the law of kindness from God's finger,
Yea, from His heart, on mine? But then we must
Deny ourselves; and impulses must yield,
Be subject to the written law of words;
Impulses made, made strong, that we might have
Within the temple's court live things to bring
And slay upon His altar; that we may,
By this hard penance of the heart and soul,
Become the slaves of Christ.—I have done wrong;
I ought not to have let poor Julian go.
And yet that light upon the floor says, yes—
Christ would have let him go. It seemed a good,
Yes, self-denying deed, to risk my life
That he might be in peace. Still up and down
The balance goes, a good in either scale;
Two angels giving each to each the lie,

And none to part them or decide the question.
But still the *words* seem to come heaviest
Upon my conscience as that scale descends:
But that may be because they hurt me more,
Being rough strangers in the feelings' home.
Would God forbid us to do what is right,
Even for His sake? But then Julian's life
Belonged to God; He could do as He pleased.
I am bewildered. 'Tis as God and God
Commanded different things in different tones.
Ah! then, the tones are different; which is likest
God's voice? The one is gentle, loving, kind,
Like Mary singing to her mangered child;
The other like a self-restrained tempest;
Like—ah, alas!—the trumpet on Mount Sinai,
Louder and louder, and the voice of *words*.
Oh for some light! Would they would kill me! then
I would go up, close up, unto God's throne,
And ask, and beg, and pray, to know the truth;
That He would slay this fearful contradiction.
I should not fear, for He would comfort me,
Seeing I am perplexed, and long to know.
But this perplexity may be my sin,
Springing from pride that will not yield to Him.
O for one word from God! His own, and fresh
From Him to me! Alas! what shall I do?

END OF PART I.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense!
It is thy duty waiting thee without.
Rise from thy knees in hope, although in doubt;
A hand doth pull thee—it is Providence;
Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout;
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about;
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence, and from action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.
Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan:
One day upon *His* bosom, all thine own,
Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death.

PART II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Julian's Castle.* JULIAN *and the old* NURSE.

Julian. Nembroni? Count Nembroni?—I remember:
A man about my height, but stronger built?
I have seen him at her father's. There was something
I did not like about him—ah! I know:
He had a way of darting looks at one,
As if he wished to know you, but by stealth.

Nurse. The same, my lord. He is the creditor.
The common story is: he sought his daughter,
But sought in vain; the lady would not wed.
Soon it was rumoured that they were in trouble,
Which caused much wonder, for the family
Was counted wealthy. And this man contrived
Somehow to be the only creditor;
And so imprisoned him.

Julian. Where is the lady?

Nurse. Down in the town.

Julian. But where?

Nurse. If you turn left,
When you go through the gate, 'tis the last house
Upon this side the way. An honest couple,
Who once were almost pensioners of hers,

Have given her shelter, till she find a home
Among some distant friends. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a sad change for her.

Julian. Hm! ah! I see.
What kind of man is this Nembroni, nurse?

Nurse. Here he is little known. His title comes
From an estate, they say, beyond the hills.
He looks ungracious: I have seen the children
Run to the doors when he came near their sports.

Julian. Thank you, nurse; you may go. Stay — one thing more.
Have any of my people seen me?

Nurse. None
But me, my lord.

Julian. And can you keep it secret?
I know you will for my sake. I will trust you.
Bring me some supper; I am tired and faint.

NURSE *goes.*

Poor and alone! Such a man has not laid
Such plans for nothing further. I will watch him.
Heaven may have brought me hither for her sake.
Poor child, I would protect thee as thy father,
Who cannot help thee. Thou wert not to blame,
As if my love could claim like love from thee.—
How the old love up-gushes in my heart!
I know not what I can do yet but watch.
I have no hold on him. I cannot go,
Say, *I suspect:* and, *Is it so or not?*

I should but injure them by doing so.
True I might pay her father's debts; and will,
If old friend Joseph manages as well
While I am absent. *I* have not spent much.
Still she would be in danger from this man,
If not permitted to betray himself;
And I, discovered, could no more protect.
Nor if, unseen by her, I yet could haunt
Her footsteps like an angel, not for long
Should I remain unseen by other eyes,
That peer from under cowls, not angel-eyes,
Driving me forth over the stormy Earth.
No, I must watch. I can do nothing better.

SCENE II. *A poor Cottage. An old Man and Woman sitting together.*

Man. How's the poor lady now?
Woman. She's poorly still.
I fancy every day she's growing thinner.
I think she's wasting steadily.
Man. Has he
Been here again to-day?
Woman. No. And I think,
He will not come again. She was so proud
The last time he was here, you would have thought
She was a queen at least.
Man. Remember, wife,
What she has been. Trouble and grief throw down
The common folks like us all in a heap;

With folks like her, that are high bred and blood,
It sets the mettle up.

Woman. All very right;
But take her as she was, she might do worse
Than wed the Count Nembroni.

Man. Possible.
But are you sure there is no other friend,
For whose sake she refuses this?

Woman. If so,
He should be here to help her. What she'll do
I am sure I do not know. We cannot keep her.
And for her work, she does it far too well
To earn a living by it. The times are changed—
She should not give herself such foolish airs.

Man. Come, come, old wife; you women are so hard
On one another. You speak fair for men,
And make allowances. But when a woman
Falls in your way, you make the worst of her.
But what is this appointment you have made?
And am I in demand as well as you?

Woman. Yes, you must go too; else it is no use.
The money cannot come to me, except
My husband go with me. He told me so.

Man. Well, wife, it's worth the going at the least,
Although I don't expect much good of it.

SCENE III. *Kitchen of a small Inn. Host and Hostess.*

Host. That's a queer customer you've got up stairs;
What the deuce is he?

Hostess. What is that to us?
He always pays his way, and handsomely;
I wish there were more like him.
Host. Has he been
At home all day?
Hostess. He has not stirred a foot
Across the threshold. That's his only fault—
He's always in the way.
Host. What does he do?
Hostess. Paces about the room, or sits at the window.
I sometimes make an errand to the cupboard,
To see what he's about; he looks annoyed,
But does not speak a word.
Host. He must be crazed,
Or else in hiding for some scrape or other.
Hostess. He has a wild look in his eye sometimes;
But sure he would not sit so much in the dark,
If he were mad, or anything on his conscience;
And though he does not say much, when he speaks
A civiller man ne'er came in woman's way.
Host. Oh! he's all right, I warrant. Is the wine come?

SCENE IV. *The Inn; a Room upstairs.* JULIAN *at the window, half hidden by the curtain.*

Julian. With what profusion her white fingers spend
Delicate motions on the insensate cloth!
It was so late this morning ere she came,
I fear she has been ill. She looks so pale!

Her beauty is much less, but she more lovely.
Do I not love her more than when that beauty
Beamed out like light-rays, radiating beyond
The confines of her wondrous face and form,
And animated with a present power
The outmost folds and waves of draperied silk?
Ha! there is something now: the old woman drest
In her Sunday clothes, and waiting at the door,
As for her husband. Something will follow this.
And here he comes, all in his best like her.
They will be gone a while. Slowly they walk,
With short steps down the street. Now I must wake
The sleeping hunter-eagle in my eyes!

SCENE V. *A back Street. Two Servants with a carriage and pair.*

1*st Serv.* Heavens, what a cloud! as big as Ætna!
There!
That gust blew stormy. Take Juno by the head,
I'll stand by Neptune. Take her head, I say;
We'll have enough to do, if it should lighten.

2*nd Serv.* Such drops! That's the first of it. I declare
She spreads her nostrils and looks wild already,
As if she smelt it coming. I wish we were
Under some roof or other. I fear this business
Is not of the right sort.

1*st Serv.* He looked as black
As if he too had lightning in his bosom.
There! down, you brute! mind the pole, Beppo!

SCENE VI. *Julian's Room.* JULIAN *standing at the window, his face pressed against a pane. Storm and gathering darkness without.*

Julian. Plague on the lamp! 'tis gone—no, there it flares!
I wish the wind would leave or blow it out.
Heavens! how it thunders! this terrific storm
Will either cow or harden him. I'm blind!
That lightning! Oh, let me see again, lest he
Should enter in the dark. I cannot bear
This glimmering longer. Now that gush of rain
Has blotted all my view with crossing lights.
'Tis no use waiting here. I must cross over,
And take my stand in the angle near the door.
But if he comes while I go down the stairs,
And I not see? To make sure, I'll go gently
Up the stair to the landing by her door.

He goes quickly towards the door.

Hostess. (*Opening the door and looking in.*) If you please, Sir — (*he hurries past.*) The devil's in the man!

SCENE VII. *The Landing.*

Voice within. If you scream, I must muffle you.

Julian. (*Rushing up the stair.*) He *is* there!
His hand is on her mouth! She tries to scream!
(*Flinging the door open, as* NEMBRONI *springs forward on the other side.*)
Back!

Nembroni. What the devil — beggar! (*drawing his sword, and making a thrust at* Julian, *which he parries with his left hand, as, drawing his dagger, he springs within* Nembroni's *guard.*)

Julian. (*Taking him by the throat.*) I have faced worse storms than you. (*They struggle.*)

Heart, point, and hilt, strung on the line of force (*stabbing him*) Your ribs will not mail your heart!

(*Nembroni falls dead. Wiping his dagger on the dead man's coat.*) If men *will* be devils,

They are better in hell than here. (*Lighting flashes on the blade.*) What a night

For a soul to go out of doors! God in Heaven!

(*Approaching the lady within.*) Ah! she has fainted. That is well. I hope

It will not pass too soon. It is not far

To that half-hidden door in my own fence.

And that is well. If I step carefully,

This storm will soon wash out all prints of feet.

What, blood! *He* does not bleed much, I should think.

Oh, I see! it is mine — he has wounded me.

That's awkward now. (*Taking a handkerchief from the floor by the window.*) Pardon me, dear lady; (*tying it with his right hand and teeth round his left arm.*)

'Tis not to save my blood I would defile

Even your handkerchief. (*Coming towards the door, carrying the lady.*) I am pleased to think

Ten monkish months have not ta'en all my strength.
(*Looking out of the window on the landing.*)
For once, thank darkness! 'Twas sent for us, not him.

He goes down the stair.

SCENE VIII. *A Room in the Castle.* JULIAN *and the* NURSE.

Julian. Ask me no questions now, good lady. You
Have put your charge to bed?
Nurse. Yes, my dear lord.
Julian. Has she spoken yet?
Nurse. After you left,
Her eyelids half unclosed, and then she said—
Where am I, mother?—Then she looked at me,
And her eyes wandered over all my face;
Then half in comfort, half in weariness
Closed up again. Bless her! dear soul, she is
As feeble as a child.
Julian. Under your care,
She will recover soon. But none must know
She is in the house—blood has been shed for her.
Nurse. Alas! I feared it; for her dress is bloody.
Julian. That's mine, not his. But put it in the fire;
Get her another. I'll leave a purse with you.
Nurse. Leave?
Julian. Yes. I am off to-night, wandering again
Over the earth and sea. She must not know
I have been here. You must contrive to keep
My share a secret. Once she moved and spoke

As we came through the wood; but could not see me;
Nor would she know me. You must hide her, nurse:
Let her on no pretence know where she is,
Nor utter word that might awake a guess.
When she is well and wishes to be gone,
Then write to this address (*writing*); but under cover
To the Prince Calboli at Florence. I
Will manage all the rest. To comfort her,
Say that her father is at liberty.
Ere she can bear the news, it will be so.

Nurse. How shall I best conceal her, my good lord?

Julian. I have thought of that. There's a deserted room
In the old south wing, at the further end
Of the oak gallery.

Nurse. Not deserted now.
I ventured, when you left, to make it mine,
Because you loved it when a boy, my lord.

Julian. You know not why I loved it though, old nurse:
I found a sliding panel, and a door
Into a room behind. I'll show it you—
You'll find some musty traces of me yet,
When you go in. Now take her to your room,
But get the other ready; light a fire,
And keep it burning for two days or more;
While, one by one, out of the other rooms,
You take all things to make it comfortable;

Quietly, you know. If you must have your daughter
To help you, she'll be secret as yourself?
Then put her there. I'll let her father know
She is in safety. I must change my clothes,
And be far off, before the morning breaks.

NURSE *goes.*

My treasure-room! how little thought I then,
Glad in my secret, that one day 'twould hold
Treasure like this, to which I dare not come.
Would she not love me now a very little?
I would not come with even a heavenly gift
To beg her love; that should be free as light,
Cleaving unto myself even for myself.
I have my joy to brood upon, and turn
Over and over in my secret heart:—
She lives, and is the better that I live.

Re-enter NURSE.

Nurse. My lord, her mind is wandering, and she raves;
I think she's in a fever; we must send
For the physician; else I fear her life
Will be in danger.

Julian. (*Rising disturbed.*) Go and fetch your daughter.
Take her at once to your own room, and there
I'll see her. Can you manage it between you?

Nurse. O yes, my lord; she is so thin, poor child!

NURSE *goes.*

Julian. I ought to know the way to treat a fever,
If this be one of twenty. I have seen
Practice enough since I left Paris; once
In a necessity as strange as this.

SCENE IX. *The Monastery. The Abbot's Room; the* ABBOT.

Abbot. 'Tis all in vain. No trace of him found yet.
One hope remains: we'll see what Stephen says.

Enter STEPHEN.

Stephen, I have sent for you, because I am told,
You said to-day, that if I would send you,
You'd smell him out, if skulking in his grave.

Stephen. I did, my lord.

Abbot. How would you do it, Stephen?

Stephen. Try one plan till it failed; then try another;
Or half-a-dozen plans at once; keep eyes
And ears wide open, and mouth shut, my lord:
A bull-dog sometimes makes the best retriever.
I have no plan; but give me time and money,
I'll find him out.

Abbot. Stephen, you're just the man
I have been longing for. Get yourself ready.

SCENE X. *Towards Morning. The Nurse's Room.* LILIA *in bed.* JULIAN *watching.*

Julian. I think she sleeps. Would God it were so; then

She would do well. What strange things she has spoken!
My heart is beating as if it would spend
My life in this one night, and beat it out.
And let it: there is more of life's delight
In one hour such as these than many years;
For life is measured by intensity,
And not by dial, dropping sand, or watch.
Is that a bar of moonlight stretched across
The window-blind? or is it but a piece
Of whiter cloth the thrifty dame has sewed
Upon the other? No; it is the moon
Low down in the west. 'Twas such a moon as this—

Lilia. (*Half-asleep, wildly.*) If Julian had been here,
you dared not do it—
Julian! Julian! (*half rising.*)

Julian. (*Forgetting his caution, and going up to her.*)
I am here, my Lilia. No.
Put your head down, my love. 'Twas all a dream,
A terrible dream; but it is gone again.

She looks at him with wide restless eyes; then sinks backs on the pillow. He leaves her.

How her dear eyes bewildered looked at me!
But her soul's eyes are closed. If this last long
She'll die before my sight, and Joy will lead
In by the hand her sister, Grief, pale-faced,
And leave her to console my solitude.
Ah, what a joy! I dare not think of it!

And what a grief! I will not think of that!
Love? and from her? my beautiful, my own!
O God, I did not know thou wert so rich
In making and in giving. I knew not
The gathered glory of this earth of thine.
Oh! wilt thou crush me with an infinite joy?
Make me a god by giving? Making mine
Thy centre-thought of living beauty, sprung
From thee, and manifested unto me?

He leans on the wall.

Lilia. (*Softly.*) Am I in heaven? Something doth make me glad,
As if I were in heaven. Yes, yes, I am.
I see the gleaming of a thousand glories;
I hear the trembling of a thousand wings,
That vibrate music on the murmuring air!
Each tiny feather-blade doth crush its pool
Of circling air to sound, and quiver music.
What is it, though, that makes me glad like this?
I knew, but cannot find it — I forget —
It must be here — what was it? — Hark! the fall,
The liquid flowing of the stream of life!
Ah me! I thirst, I thirst, — I am so thirsty! (*querulously.*)

JULIAN *gives her drink, supporting her. She looks at him again with large wondering eyes.*

Ah! now I know — I was so very thirsty!

He lays her down. She seems comforted, and falls asleep. He extinguishes the light, and looks out of the window.

Julian. The grey earth dawning up, cold, comfortless;
With its obtrusive *I am* written large
Upon its face! (*Approaching the bed, and gazing on her silently with clasped hands; then returning to the window.*)
She sleeps so peacefully!
O God, I thank thee; thou hast sent her sleep;
'Twill soothe her pulse to quietness ere it leaves her.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse, I am glad you are come. She is asleep.
You must be by her when she wakes again.
Speak not of me, except she ask; and then
Be cautious how you tell her I am here.
Dear child, may God be round you with his thought!

JULIAN *goes.*

Nurse. Bless her sweet face! She looks just like my daughter,
That's now a saint in heaven. Just those thin cheeks,
And eyelids hardly closed o'er her large eyes.
Sleep on, my darling! you are drinking life
From the breast of sleep. And yet I long to see
The shutters of your eyes unclosed, to know
Whether the soul has drawn their curtains back,
And peeps out, as at dawning, from her windows.

Ah, what a joy is ready, waiting her,
To break her fast upon! if her wild dreams
Have told their mistress' secrets, and no lies.
Will he not give thee love as dear as thine!

Scene XI. *A hilly Road.* Stephen *trudging alone, pauses to look around him.*

Stephen. Not a footprint! not a trace that a bloodhound would nose at! But Stephen is known for a good dog and true. If I had him within stick-length! Mind thy head, brother Julian! Thou hast little hair to protect it. Thou hast not been long enough at Jericho yet. It is a poor man that leaves no trail; and if thou wert poor, I would not follow thee. (*Sings.*)

Oh! many a hound is stretching out
His two legs or his four;
And the saddled horses stand about
The court and the castle door;
As out comes the baron, jolly and stout,
To hunt the bristly boar.

The emperor, he doth keep a pack
In his antechambers standing,
And up and down the stairs, good lack!
And eke upon the landing;
A straining leash, and a quivering back,
And nostrils and chest expanding!

The devil a hunter long has been,
Though Doctor Luther said it.
The head of his pack was he, I ween,
And merrily he led it.
To fatten them up, when game is lean,
He keeps his dogs on credit.

Each man is a hunter to his trade,
And they follow one another;
But such a hunter never was made
As the monk that hunted his brother!
And the runaway pig, or its game be played,
Shall be eaten by its mother.

Better hunt a flea in a woolly blanket, than a leg-bail monk in this wilderness of mountains, forests, and precipices. But the flea *may* be caught, and so *shall* the monk. I have said it. He is well marked, with his forelock cut away, and his ears left by mistake. The rascally vow-breaker! But his vows shall hold him, though he won't hold his vows. The whining, blubbering idiot! Gave his plaything, and wants it back! I wonder whereabouts I am.

SCENE XII. *The Nurse's Room.* LILIA *sitting up in bed.* JULIAN *seated by her; an open note in his hand.*

Lilia. Tear it up, Julian.
Julian. No; I'll treasure it
As the remembrance of a by-gone grief:
I love it so, because it is *not* yours.

Lilia. Where have you been these long, long years away?
You look much older. You have suffered, Julian?

Julian. Since that day, Lilia, I have seen much, thought much;
Perhaps have suffered something. But of these
We'll say no more just now. When you're quite strong,
I'll tell you all about my thoughts and doings.

Lilia. Do tell me something now. I feel quite strong;
It will not hurt me.

Julian. Wait a day or two.
Indeed 'twould weary you to tell you all.

Lilia. And I have much to tell you, Julian. I.
Have suffered too, not all for my own sake. (*As recalling something.*)
Oh, what a dreadful dream! (*shuddering.*) It must have been
Before you brought me to your house, I think.

Julian. Don't speak about it now; or, if you will,
I'll go. You must keep quiet. Indeed you must.

Lilia. I will obey you, and not speak a word.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Blessings upon her! she's near well already.
Who would have thought, three days ago, to see
You look so bright? My lord, you have done wonders.

Julian. 'Tis not my work, good dame; but I must go.
To please me, Lilia, go to sleep awhile.

JULIAN *goes.*

Lilia. Why does he always wear that turban, nurse?

Nurse. I don't know. You must sleep.
Lilia. Yes. I forgot.

SCENE XIII. *The Steward's Room:* JULIAN *and the* STEWARD. *Papers on the table, which* JULIAN *has just finished examining.*

Julian. Thank you, old friend; you have done well for me.
You sent that note privately to my friend?
Steward. I did, my lord; and have conveyed the money,
Putting all things in train for his release,
Without appearing in it personally,
Or giving any clue to other hands.
He sent this message by my messenger:
His hearty thanks, and God will bless you for it.
He will be secret. For his daughter, she
Is safe with you as with himself; and so
God bless you both! He will expect to hear
From both of you from England.
Julian. Well, again.
What money is remaining in your hands?
Steward. Two bags, three hundred each; that's all. I fear
To wake suspicion, if I call in more.
Julian. Quite right. One thing besides: lest a mischance
Befall us, though I do not fear it much—
We have been very secret—is that boat
I used before I left, in sailing trim?
Steward. I knew it was a favourite with my lord,

So I took care of it myself. 'Tis but
A month ago I had it painted fresh,
New oars and rowlocks fitted. The old sail
I'll have replaced immediately; and then
'Twill be as good as new.

Julian. That's excellent.
Well, launch it in the evening. Make it fast
Close by the steps behind my garden-study.
Stow in the lockers some sea-stores, and put
The money in the old desk in the study.

Steward. I will, my lord. 'Tis safe enough, I think.

Scene XIV. *A Road near the Town. A Waggoner.* Stephen *in lay dress, coming up to the former.*

Stephen. Whose castle's that upon the hill, good fellow?

Waggoner. Its present owner's of the Uglii;
They call him Lorenzino.

Stephen. Whose is that
Down in the valley?

Waggoner. That is Count Lamballa's.

Stephen. What is his Christian name?

Waggoner. Omfredo. No,
That was his father's; his is Julian.

Stephen. Is he at home?

Waggoner. No, not for many a day.
His steward, honest man, I know is doubtful
Whether he be alive; and yet his land
Is better farmed than any round about.

Stephen. He is not married, then?

Waggoner. No. There's a gossip
Amongst the women — but who would heed their clatter?—
That love half-crazed, then drove him from his home,
To wander up and down, like a bad ghost,
Because a silly wench refused him — fudge!

Stephen. Most probably. I quite agree with you.
Where do you stop?

Waggoner. At the first inn we come to;
You'll see it from the bottom of the hill.
There is another at the other end,
But there the stabling is not near so good.

Stephen. I must push on. Your horses cannot go
Down hill so fast as I. Good morning, friend.

Waggoner. Good morning, sir.

Stephen. (*aside.*) And I go to the other.

SCENE XV. *The Nurse's Room.* JULIAN *and* LILIA *standing near the window.*

Julian. But do you really love me, Lilia?

Lilia. Why do you make me say it so often, Julian?
You make me say *I love you*, oftener far
Than you say you love me.

Julian. Because mine seems
So much a love of mere necessity.
I can refrain from loving you no more
Than keep from waking when the sun shines full
Upon my face.

Lilia. And yet I love to say
How, how I love you, Julian! (*Leans her head on his arm. Julian winces a little. She raises her head and looks at him.*) Did I hurt you?
Would you not have me lean my head on you?

Julian. Come on this side, my love; 'tis a slight hurt
Not yet quite healed.

Lilia. Ah, my poor Julian! how?
I am so sorry — Oh! (*shuddering*) it was no dream —
You fought with him! I hope you did not kill him?

Julian. (*calmly, but drawing himself up slightly.*) I killed him as I would a dog that bit you.

Lilia. (*turning pale, and covering her face with her hands.*) Oh, that is dreadful; there is blood on you!

Julian. Shall I go, Lilia?

Lilia. Oh no, no, no, do not —
I shall be better presently.

Julian. You hate me —
Think me a murderer.

Lilia. Oh no, I love you —
Will never leave you. Pardon me, my Julian;
But blood is very dreadful.

Julian. (*drawing her close to him.*) My sweet Lilia,
'Twas justly shed, for thy defence and mine,
As it had been a tiger that I killed.
He had no right to live. Be at peace, dearest;
His blood lies not on me, but on himself;
I do not feel its stain upon my conscience.

A tap at the door. Enter NURSE.

Nurse. My lord, the Steward waits on you below.

JULIAN *goes.*

You have been standing till you're faint, my lady.
Lie down a little. There—I'll fetch you something.

SCENE XVI. *The Steward's Room.* JULIAN; *the* STEWARD.

Julian. Well, Joseph, that will do. I shall expect
To hear from you soon after my arrival.
Is the boat ready?

Steward. Yes, my lord; afloat
Where you directed.

Julian. A strange feeling haunts me,
As if some danger were at hand. Don't lock it,
But cast the chain around. Muffle the oars.

Steward. I will, directly. (*Goes.*)

Julian. How shall I manage it?
I have her father's leave; but have not dared
To tell her all; and she must know it first.
She fears me half, even now. What will she think
To see my shaven head? My heart is free—
I know God doth absolve mistaken vows.
I thought I should be helped to search, by those
Who knew the secret place of the Most High.
If I had known, would I have bound myself
Brother to men, from whose low, marshy minds
Never a lark springs to salute the day?

The loftiest of them dreamers; and the best
Content to be, not live, nor trouble thought.
It cannot be God's will I should be such.
Nay, more. Did they not virtually condemn
Me in my quest, that I was not content
To kneel with them around a wayside post,
Nor heed the pointing finger at its top?
I see more clearly now, though not more surely,
Than ere I left that house of foolishness,
That such are not God's nurseries for his children.
My very birth into a world of men
Shows me the school where he would have me learn;
Shows me the place of penance; shows the field
Where I must fight and be victorious,
Or fall and perish. True, I know not how
This is to be: He must direct my way.
But then for her — she cannot see all this;
Words will not make it plain; and if they would,
Time has grown shorter than our needs; at least
So this dull overshadowing forebodes.
True, it may be but vapour, which the heat
Of too much joy engenders; sudden fear
Lest this joy be too good a child to live:
The wider prospect from the steep hill's crest,
The deeper to the abyss the cliff goes down.
But how will she receive it? Will she think
That I have mocked her? How could I have helped it?
Her illness and my danger—Yet, in truth,

So strong was I in right, I scarcely thought
Her doubts might be a hindrance in the way.
My love did make her so a part of me,
I never dreamed she might judge differently,
Until our talk of yesterday. And now
Her horror at Nembroni's death confirms me:
To wed a monk will be to her like incest.
I cannot take the truth, and, bodily,
Hold it before her eyes. She is not strong.
She loves me not as I love her. But always,
(Whether from good or evil, I know not)
I have loved a life for what it might be, more
Than what it was. And there's a germ in her
Of something noble, far beyond her now:
Chance gleams betray it, though she knows it not.
This evening must decide it, come what will.

SCENE XVII. *The Inn; the Room which had been Julian's.* STEPHEN, HOST *and* HOSTESS. *Wine on the Table.*

Stephen. Here, my good lady, let me fill your glass;
Then pass it to your husband, if you please.

Hostess. I thank you, sir; I hope it's to your taste;
My husband's choice is praised. I cannot say
I am a judge myself.

Host. I'm confident
It needs but to be tasted.

Stephen. (*tasting critically, then nodding.*) That is wine.

I quite congratulate you, my good sir,
Upon your exquisite judgment.

Host. Thank you, sir.

Stephen. (*to the Hostess.*) And so this man, you say, was here until
The night the Count was murdered. Did he leave
Before or after that?

Hostess. I do not know.
He left before it was discovered though.
In the middle of the storm, like one possessed,
He rushed into the street, half tumbling me
Headlong down stairs. He never came again.
He had paid his bill that morning, luckily;
So joy go with him! Well, he was an odd one.

Stephen. What was he like, fair Hostess?

Hostess. Tall and dark,
And with a lowering look about his brows.
He seldom spoke, but, when he did, was civil.
One queer thing was, he always wore his hat,
Indoors, as well as out. I dare not say
He murdered Count Nembroni; but 'twas strange
He always sat at that same window there,
And looked into the street. 'Tis not as if
There were much traffic in this street of ours.
These are changed times, but I have seen the day—

Stephen. Excuse me; you were saying that the man
Sat at the window—

Hostess. Yes; even when 'twas dark,

He still sat on, and never called for lights.
The first night, I brought candles, as of course;
He let me set them on the table, true;
But soon's my back was turned, he put them out.

Stephen. Where is the lady?

Hostess. That's the strangest thing
Of all the story: she has disappeared,
As well as he. There lay the Count, stone-dead,
White as my apron. The whole house was empty,
Just as I told you.

Stephen. Has no search been made?

Hostess. The closest search; a thousand pieces offered
For any information that should lead
To the murderer's capture. I believe his brother,
Who is his heir, they say, is still in town,
Seeking in vain for some intelligence.

Stephen. 'Tis very odd; the oddest thing I've heard
For a long time. Send me some pens and ink;
I have to write some letters.

Hostess. (*rising.*) Thank you, sir,
For your kind entertainment. You'll find ink
And paper on that table near the window.

Exeunt HOST *and* HOSTESS.

Stephen. We've found the badger's hole; we'll trap him next. He couldn't have gone far with her and not be seen. My life on it, there are plenty of holes and corners in the old house over the way. Run away with a wench! Holy brother

Julian! Contemptuous brother Julian! Stand-by-thyself brother Julian! Run away with a wench at last! Well, there's a downfall! He'll be for marrying her on the sly, and away;—I know the old fox;—for her conscience' sake, probably not for his. Well, one comfort is, it's damnation, and no reprieve. The ungrateful, atheistical heretic! As if the good old mother wasn't indulgent enough to the foibles of her children! The worthy lady has winked so hard at her dutiful sons, that she's nearly blind with winking. There's nothing in a little affair with a girl now and then; but to marry, and knock one's vows on the head! Therein is displayed a little ancestral fact, as to a certain respectable progenitor, commonly portrayed as the knight of the cloven foot. *Keep back thy servant*, &c. — Purgatory couldn't cleanse that; and more, 'twill never have the chance. Heaven be about us from harm! Amen. I'll go find the new Count. The Church shall have the castle and estate; Revenge, in the person of the new Count, the body of Julian; and Stephen may as well have the thousand pieces as not.

SCENE XVIII. *The Nurse's Room.* LILIA; *to her* JULIAN. *Night.*

Lilia. How changed he is! Yet he looks very noble.

Enter JULIAN.

Julian. My Lilia, will you go to England with me?

Lilia. Julian, my father!

Julian. Not without his leave.
He says, God bless you both.

Lilia. Leave him in prison?

Julian. No, Lilia; he's at liberty and safe,
And far from this ere now.

Lilia. You have done this,
My noble Julian. I will go with you
To sunset, if you will. My father gone!
Julian, there's none to love me now but you.
You *will* love me, Julian?— always?

Julian. I but fear
That your heart, Lilia, is not big enough
To hold the love wherewith my heart would fill it.

Lilia. I know why you think that; and I deserve it.
But try me, Julian. I was very silly,
But could not help it. I was ill, you know;
Or weak at least. May I ask you, Julian,
How your arm is to-day?

Julian. Almost well, child.
I only fear 'twill leave an ugly scar.

Lilia. Never mind that, if it be well again.

Julian. I do not mind it; but when I remember
That I am all yours, then I grudge that scratch
Or stain should be on me, soul, body, yours.
And there are more scars on me now than I
Should like to marry you without confessing.

Lilia. My poor, poor Julian! never think of it, (*putting her arms round him*)
I will but love you more. I thought you had
Told me enough of suffering already;

But not the half, it seems, of your adventures.
You have been a soldier!

Julian. I have fought, my Lilia.
I have been down amongst the horses' feet;
But strange to tell, and harder to believe,
Arose all sound, unmarked with bruise, or blood
Save what I lifted from the gory ground.
(*Sighing*) My wounds are not of such.

LILIA *loosening her arms, and drawing back a little with a kind of shrinking, looks a frightened interrogation.*

No. Penance, Lilia.
Such penance as the saints of old inflicted
Upon their quivering flesh. Folly, I know;
As a lord would exalt himself, by making
His willing servants into trembling slaves.
Yet have I borne it.

Lilia. (*laying her hand on his arm.*) Ah, alas, my Julian!
You have been guilty.

Julian. Not what men call guilty,
Save it be now; now you will think I sin.
Alas, I have sinned much! but not in this.
Lilia, I have been a monk.

Lilia. A monk! (*turning pale*) I thought—(*faltering*)
Julian,—I thought you said . . . . did you not say . . . . .
(*very pale, brokenly*)

I thought you said . . . . . (*with an effort*) I was to be your wife! (*covering her face with her hands, and bursting into tears.*)

Julian. (*speaking low and in pain.*) And so I did.

Lilia. (*hopefully and looking up.*) Have you had dispensation?

Julian. God has absolved me, though the Church will not.

He knows it was in ignorance I did it.
Rather would he have men to do his will,
Than keep a weight of words upon their souls,
Which they laid there, not graven by his finger.
The vow was made to him — to him I break it.

Lilia. (*weeping bitterly.*) I would . . . your words were true . . . but I do know . . . .

It never can . . . be right to break a vow;
If so, men might be liars every day;
You'd do the same by me, if we were married.

Julian. (*in anguish.*) 'Tis ever so. Words are the living things!
There is no spirit — save what's born of words!
Words are the bonds that of two souls make one!
Words the security of heart to heart.
God, make me patient! God, I pray thee, God!

Lilia. (*not heeding him.*) Besides, we dare not; you would find the dungeon
Gave late repentance; I should weep away
My life within a convent.

Julian. Come to England,
To England, Lilia.

Lilia. Men would point, and say:
There go the monk and his wife; if they, in truth,
Called me not by a harder name than that.

Julian. There are no monks in England.

Lilia. But will that
Make right what's wrong?

Julian. Did I say so, my Lilia?
I answered but your last objections thus;
I had a different answer for the first.

Lilia. No, no; I cannot, cannot, dare not do it.

Julian. Lilia, you will not doubt my love; you cannot.
(I would have told you all before, but thought,
Foolishly, you would feel the same as I;)
I have lived longer, thought more, seen much more;
I would not hurt your body, less your soul,
For all the blessedness your love can give:
For love's sake weigh the weight of what I say.
Think not that *must* be right which you have heard
From infancy — it *may* ——

Enter the Steward *in haste, pale, breathless, and bleeding.*

Steward. My lord, there's such an uproar in the town!
They call you murderer and heretic.
The officers of justice, with a monk,
And the new Count Nembroni, accompanied
By a fierce mob with torches, howling out

For justice on you, madly cursing you!
They caught a glimpse of me as I returned,
And stones and sticks flew round me like a storm;
But I escaped them, old man as I am,
And was in time to bar the castle-gates.—
Would heaven we had not cast those mounds, and shut
The river from the moat! (*Distant yells and cries.*) Escape, my lord!

Julian. (*calmly*) Will the gates hold them out awhile, my Joseph?

Steward. A little while, my lord; but those damned torches!
O for twelve feet of water round the walls!

Julian. Leave us, good Joseph; watch them from a window,
And tell us of their progress.

JOSEPH *goes.* *Sounds approach.*

Farewell, Lilia!

(*Putting his arm round her.* *She stands like stone.*)

Fear of a coward's name shall not detain me.
My presence would but bring down evil on you,
My heart's beloved; yes, all the ill you fear,
The terrible things that you have imaged out
If you fled with me. They will not hurt you,
If you be not polluted by my presence.

Light from without flares on the wall.

They've fired the gate.

An outburst of mingled cries.

Steward. (*entering*) They've fired the gate, my lord!

Julian. Well, put yourself in safety, my old Joseph.
You and old Agata tell all the truth,
And they'll forgive you. It will not hurt me;
I shall be safe—you know me from a boy.

Steward. God grant it may be so. Farewell, dear lord! (*Is going.*)

Julian. But add, it was in vain; for the signora
Would not consent; therefore I fled alone.

LILIA *stands as before.*

Steward. It is too true. Good-bye, Good-bye, my master! (*Goes.*)

Julian. Put your arms round me once, my Lilia.
What! not once? not once at parting? (*rushing feet up the stairs, and along the galleries.*)
O God! farewell!

He clasps her to his heart; leaves her; pushes back the panel, flings open the door, enters, and closes them behind. LILIA *starts suddenly from her fixed bewilderment, and flies after him, but forgets to close the sliding panel. Her voice from the inner room, calling.*

Lilia. Julian! Julian!

The trampling of feet and clamour of voices. The door of the room is flung open. Enter the foremost of the mob.

1*st.* I was sure I saw light here. There it is, burning still.

2nd. Nobody here! Praise the devil! he minds his own. Look under the bed, Gian.

3rd. Nothing there.

4th. Another door! Another door! He'll soon be in hell if he's there. (*As he fumbles at the door.*) The devil had better leave him, to make up the fire at home—he'll be cold by and by. (*Rushes into the dark.*) Follow me, boys! (*The rest follow.*)

Voices from within. I have him. I have him. Curse your claws! Why do you fix on me, you crab? You won't pick up the fiend-spawn so easily, I can tell you. Bring the light there, will you? (*One runs out for the light.*) A trap! a trap! and a stair, down in the wall! the hell-faggot's gone! After him, after him, like storm-drift!

Sound of descending footsteps. Others rush in with torches and follow.

SCENE XIX. *The River-side.* LILIA *seated in the boat;* JULIAN *handing her the bags.*

Julian. There, my love — take care, — 'tis heavy.
Put them right in the middle of the boat:
'Tis excellent ballast. (*A loud shout. He steps in and casts the chain loose, then pushes gently off.*)
Look how the torches gleam
Amongst the trees. Thank God, we have escaped!

He rows swiftly off. The torches come nearer, with cries of search.

(*In a low tone.*) Slip down, my Lilia; lie at full length
In the bottom of the boat; your dress is white,
And would return the torches' glare. I fear
The damp night-air will hurt you, clothed thus.
(*Pulling off his outer garment, and wrapping her in it.*)
Now for a strong pull with my muffled oars!
The water mutters Spanish in its sleep.
My beautiful, my bride, my spirit's wife!
God-given, and God-restored! my heart exults,
Dancing round thee, my beautiful, my soul!
Once round the headland, I will set the sail;
And the fair wind blows right adown the stream.
Dear wind, dear stream, dear stars, dear heart of all,
White angel lying in my little boat!
Strange that my boyhood's skill with sail and helm,
Oft steering safely 'twixt the winding banks,
Should make me rich with womanhood and life!

The boat disappears round the headland. JULIAN *singing in his heart.*

SONG.

Thou hast been blowing leaves, O wind of strife!
Wan, curled, boat-like leaves, that ran and fled;
Unresting yet, though folded up from life;
Sleepless, although cast down among the dead.
Out to the Ocean, fleet and float,
Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

O wind of strife! to us a wedding wind!
O cover me with kisses of her mouth.
Blow thou our souls together, heart and mind;
To narrowing northern lines, blow from the south.
Out to the Ocean, fleet and float,
Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

Thou hast been blowing many a drifting thing
From circling cove down to the unsheltered sea;
Thou blowest to the sea my blue sail's wing,
Us to a new love-lit futurity.
Out to the Ocean, fleet and float,
Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

END OF PART II.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

And weep not, though the Beautiful decay
Within thy heart, as daily in thine eyes;
Thy heart must have its Autumn, its pale skies,
Leading, mayhap, to Winter's cold dismay.
Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away;
Her form departs not, though her body dies.
Secure beneath the earth the snowdrop lies,
Waiting the Spring's young resurrection-day,
Through the kind nurture of the Winter cold.
Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive
The Summer time, when roses were alive;
Do thou thy work—be willing to be old:
Thy sorrow is the husk that doth infold
A gorgeous June, for which thou need'st not strive.

PART III.

Time, five years later.

SCENE I. *Night. London. A large meanly-furnished room; a single candle on the table; a child asleep in a little crib.* JULIAN *sits by the table, reading in a low voice out of a book; he looks older, and his hair is sprinkled with grey; his eyes look clearer.*

Julian. What is this? let me see; 'tis called *The Singer:*

"Melchah stood looking on the corpse of his son, and spoke not. At length he broke the silence and said: 'He hath told his tale to the Immortals.' Abdiel, the friend of him that was dead, asked him what he meant by the words? The old man, still regarding the dead body, spake as follows:—

"Three years ago, I fell asleep on the summit of the hill Yarib; and there I dreamed a dream. I thought I lay at the foot of a cliff, near the top of a great mountain; for beneath me were the clouds; and above me, the heavens deep and dark. And I heard voices sweet and strong; and I lifted up my eyes, and, lo! over against me, on a rocky slope, some seated, each on his own crag, some reclining between the fragments, I saw a hundred majestic forms, as of men who had striven and conquered. Then I heard one say: 'What wouldst thou sing unto us, young man?' A youthful voice replied, tremblingly: 'A song which I have made for my singing.' 'Come, then, and I will lead thee to the hole in the rock: enter and sing.' From the assembly came

forth one whose countenance was calm unto awfulness; but whose eyes looked in love, mingled with doubt, on the face of a youth whom he led by the hand towards the spot where I lay. The features of the youth I could not discern: either it was the indistinctness of a dream, or I was not permitted to behold them. And, lo! behind me was a great hole in the rock, narrow at the entrance, but deep and wide within; and when I looked into it, I shuddered; for I thought I saw, far down, the glimmer of a star. The youth entered and vanished. His guide strode back to his seat; and I lay in terror near the mouth of a vast cavern. When I looked up once more, I saw all the men leaning forward, with head aside, as if listening intently to a far-off sound. I likewise listened; but, though much nearer than they, I heard nothing. But I could see their faces change like waters in a windy and half-cloudy day. Sometimes, though I heard nought, it seemed to me as if one sighed and prayed beside me; and once I heard a clang of music triumphant in hope; but I looked up, and, lo! it was the listeners who stood on their feet and sang. They ceased, sat down, and listened as before. At last one approached me, and I ventured to question him. 'Sir,' I said, 'wilt thou tell me what it means?' And he answered me thus: 'The youth desired to sing to the Immortals. It is a law with us that no one shall sing a song who cannot be the hero of his tale—who cannot live the song that he sings; for what right hath he else to devise great things, and to take holy deeds in his mouth. Therefore he enters the cavern, where God weaveth the garments of souls; and there he lives in the forms of his own tale; for God giveth them being that he may be tried. The sighs which thou didst hear were his longings after his own deal; and thou didst hear him praying for the Truth he beheld, but could not reach. We sang, because, in his first great battle, he strove well, and overcame. We await the next.' A deep sleep seemed to fall upon me; and when I awoke, I saw the Immortals standing with their eyes fixed on the mouth of the cavern. I arose and turned towards

it likewise. The youth came forth. His face was worn and pale, as that of the dead man before me; but his eyes were open, and tears trembled within them. Yet not the less was it the same face, the face of my son, I tell thee; and in joy and fear I gazed upon him. With a weary step he approached the Immortals. But he who had led him to the cave, hastened to meet him, spread forth his arms and embraced him, and said unto him: 'Thou hast told a noble tale: sing to us now what songs thou wilt.' Therefore said I, as I gazed on my son: 'He hath told his tale to the Immortals.'"

He puts the book down; meditates awhile; then rises and walks up and down the room.

And so five years have poured their silent streams,
Flowing from fountains in Eternity,
Into my soul, which, as an infinite gulf,
Hath swallowed them; whose living caves they feed;
And time to spirit grows, assimilated.
And now the day draws nigh when Christ was born;
The day that showed how like to God himself
Man had been made, since God could be revealed
By one that was a man with men, and still
Was one with God the Father; that men might
By drawing nigh to him draw nigh to God,
Who had come near unto their deepest hearts.
O God, I thank thee for the friendly eye,
That oft hath opened on me these five years;
Thank thee for those enlightenings of my spirit,
That let me know thy thought was towards me,
As moments fore-enjoyed from future years,

Telling what converse I should hold with God.
I thank thee for the sorrow and the care,
Through which they gleamed, bright phosphorescent sparks
Crushed from the troubled waters, borne on which
Through mist and dark my soul draws nigh to thee.
Five years ago, I prayed in agony
That thou wouldst speak to me. Thou wouldst not then,
With that close speech I craved so hungrily.
Thy inmost speech is heart embracing heart;
And thou wert all the time instructing me
To know the language of thy inmost speech.
I thought thou didst refuse, when every hour
Thou spakest every word my heart could hear,
Though oft I did not know it was thy voice.
My prayer arose from lonely wastes of soul;
As if a world far-off in depths of space,
Chaotic, had implored that it might shine
Straightway in sunlight as the morning star.
My soul must be more pure, ere it could hold
With thee communion. 'Tis the pure in heart
That shall see God. As if a well that lay
Unvisited, till water-weeds had grown
Up from its depths, and woven a thick mass
Over its surface, could give back the sun!
Or, dug from ancient battle-plain, a shield
Could be a mirror to the stars of heaven!
And though I am not yet come near to Him,
I know I am more nigh; and am content

To walk a long and weary road, to find
My Father's house once more. Well may it be
A long and weary — I had wandered far.
My God, I thank thee, thou dost care for me.
I am content, rejoicing to go on,
Even when my home seems very far away;
And over grief, and aching emptiness,
And fading hopes, a higher joy ariseth.
In nightliest hours, one lonely spot is bright,
High overhead, through folds and folds of space;
It is the earnest-star of all my heavens;
And tremulous in the deep well of my being
Its image answers, gazing eagerly.
Alas, my Lilia! But I'll think of Jesus,
Not of thee now; Him who hath led my soul
Thus far upon its journey home to God.
By poor attempts to do the things he said,
Faith has been born; my hope become a truth;
My will grown strong to enter into his,
And see the spirit that inhabits there.
One day his truth will spring to life in me,
And make me free, as God says "I am free."
When I resemble him, my soul will dawn
With the full glory of the God revealed;
Full as to me, though but one beam from him.
The light will shine, for I shall comprehend it:
In his light I shall see light. God can speak,
Yea, *will* speak to me then, and I shall hear.

While unlike God, how can we hear his words?

(*Stopping by the crib, and bending over the child.*)

And thou, my child, God's little daughter, drest
In human clothes, that light may thus be clad
In shining, so to reach my human eyes;
Come as a little Christ from heaven to earth,
To call me *father*, that my soul may know
What *father* means, and turn its eyes to God!
Sometimes I feel, when thou dost cling to me,
How all unfit this heart of mine to have
The guardianship of a bright thing like thee,
Come to entice, allure me back to God
By flitting round me, gleaming of thy home,
And radiating of thy purity
Into my stained heart; which unto thee
Shall ever show the father, answering
The divine childhood dwelling in thine eyes.
O how thou teachest me with thy sweet ways!
All ignorant of wherefore thou art come,
And what thou art to me, my heavenly ward,
Whose eyes have drunk that secret place's light,
And pour it forth on me. God bless his own!

He resumes his walk, singing in a low voice.

My child woke crying from her sleep:
I bended o'er her bed,
And soothed her, till in slumber deep
She from the darkness fled.

And as beside my child I stood,
A still voice said in me—
"Even thus thy Father, strong and good,
Is bending over thee."

SCENE II. *Reception-rooms in Lord Seaford's Mansion. A large company; dancers; gentlemen looking on.*

1*st Gentleman.* Henry, what dark-haired queen is that? She moves
As if her body were instinct with thought,
Moulded to motion by the music's waves,
As the swan floats upon the swelling lake;
Or as in dreams one sees an angel move,
Sweeping on slow wings through the buoyant air,
Then folding them, and turning on his track.

2*nd.* You seem inspired; nor can I wonder at it;
She is a glorious woman; and such eyes!
What a thing to be loved by such a woman!

1*st.* You have seen her then before. What is her name?

2*nd.* I saw her once; but could not learn her name.

3*rd.* She is the wife of an Italian count,
Who for some cause, political, I think,
Took refuge in this country. His estates
The Church has eaten up, as I have heard:
Mephisto says the Church has a good stomach.

2*nd.* How do they live?

3*rd.* Poorly, I should suppose.

She gives the Lady Gertrude music-lessons:
That's how they know her. Ah, you should hear her sing!
2nd. If she sings as she looks, or as she dances,
It were as well for me I did not hear.
3rd. If Count Lamballa followed Lady Seaford
To heaven, I know who'd follow her on earth.

SCENE III. *Julian's Room.* JULIAN; *the Child asleep.*

Julian. I wish she would come home. When the child wakes,
I cannot bear to see her eyes first rest
On me, then wander searching through the room;
And then return and rest. And yet, poor Lilia,
It is not strange that thou art glad to go
From this dull place, and be for some short hours
As if thy girlhood were restored to thee;
For thou art very young for a hard life,
Such as a poor man's wife must undergo.
I am afraid the thought arises still
Within her heart, that she is not my wife—
Not truly, lawfully. I hoped the child
Would put that thought at rest; but now I fear
She fancies I have begun to think the same,
And that it lies a heavy weight of sin
Upon my heart. Alas, my Lilia!
When every time I pray, I pray that God
Would look and see that thou and I be one!

Lily. (*starting up in her crib.*) Oh, take me! take me!

Julian. (*going up to her with a smile.*) What is the matter with my little child?

Lily. I dont know, father; I was very frightened.

Julian. There is no fear, my child, for I am with you.

Lily. I am wake now; I know you're there; but then I did not know it. (*smiling.*)

Julian. Lie down then, darling. Go to sleep again.

Lily. (*beseechingly.*) Not yet. I will not go to sleep again;

It makes me so, so frightened. Take me up,
And let me sit upon your knee. Where's mother?
I cannot see her.

Julian. She's not at home, my child;
But she will soon be back.

Lily. But if she walk
Out through the dark, dark streets, it will catch her.

Julian. She will not walk — but what would catch her, sweet?

Lily. I don't know. Tell me a story till she comes.

Julian. (*taking her, and sitting with her on his knee by the fire.*) Come then, my little Lily, I will tell you A story I have read this very night.

She looks in his face.

There was a man who had a little boy.
And when the boy grew big, he went and asked
His father for a purse quite full of money.

His father gave him such a large purse full.
And then he went away and left his home.
You see he did not love his father much.

Lily. Oh! didn't he?—If he had he wouldn't have gone.

Julian. And so he went, far far away he went,
Until he could not even see the top
Of the high mountain by his father's house.
And farther, farther still he went away,
As if he tried how far away he could go.
Until he came into a great large town,
Like London here.

Lily. Perhaps it was London.

Julian. Perhaps it was, my child. And there he spent
All, all his father's money, buying things
That he had always told him were not worth,
And not to buy them; but he would and did.

Lily. How very naughty of him!

Julian. Yes, my child.
And so when he had emptied all the purse,
He grew quite hungry. But he had none left
To buy a piece of bread. And bread was scarce;
Nobody gave him any. He had been
Always so idle, that he could not work.
But at last some one sent him to feed swine.

Lily. Oh, nasty pigs!

Julian. 'Twas all that he could do;
And he was glad to eat some of their food.

She stares at him.

Till at the last he thought how many servants
Had plenty in his father's house to eat,
And some to spare too. So he thought: I'll go
And say, I am sorry I have been so naughty;
I have been very bad; I don't deserve
That you should call me any more your son;
Let me live with your servants in the kitchen.
So he rose up and went; but thought the road
So much, much farther to go back again,
He was so tired and hungry. But at last
He saw the blue top of the great big hill
That stood beside his father's house; and then
He walked much faster. But a long way off,
His father saw him coming, lame and weary
With his long walk; and all so different
From what he was; for all his clothes were hanging
In tatters, and his toes stuck through his shoes —

She bursts into tears. Then, sobbing.

Lily. Like that poor beggar I saw yesterday?

Julian. Yes, my dear child.

Lily. And was he dirty too?

Julian. Yes, very dirty; he had been so long
Among the swine.

Lily. Is it all true though, father?

Julian. Yes, my darling; all true, and truer far
Than you can think.

Lily. What was his father like?

Julian. A tall, grand, stately man.

Lily. Like you, dear father?

Julian. Like me, only much grander.

Lily. I love you
The best though. (*kissing him.*)

Julian. Well, all dirty as he was,
And thin, and pale, and torn, with staring eyes,
His father knew him at the first, far off,
And ran so fast to meet him; put his arms
Around his neck and kissed him.

Lily. . . Oh, how dear!
I love him too; — but not so well as you.

Sound of a carriage drawing up.

Julian. There is your mother.

Lily. I am glad, so glad.

Enter Lilia, *looking pale.*

Lilia. You naughty child, why are you not in bed?

Lily. (*pouting.*) I am not naughty. I am afraid to go,
Because you don't go with me into sleep;
And when I see things, and you are not there,
Nor father, I am so frightened, I cry out,
And stretch my hands, and so I come awake.
Come with me into sleep, dear mother; come.

Lilia. What a strange child it is! There, (*kissing her*), go to bed. (*laying her down.*)

Julian. (*gazing on the child.*) As thou art in thy dreams without thy mother,
So are we lost in life without our God.

SCENE IV. LILIA *in bed. The room lighted from a gas-lamp in the street; the bright shadow of the window on the wall and ceiling.*

Lilia. Oh, it is dreary, dreary! All the time
My thoughts would wander to my dreary home.
Sometimes through a whole dance, my soul would walk
In a most dreary dance through this same room.
I saw these walls, this carpet; and I heard,
As now, his measured step in the next chamber,
Go pacing up and down, and I shut out!
He is too good for me, I weak for him.
Yet if he put his arms around me once,
And held me fast as then, and kissed me so,
My soul, I think, would come again to me,
And go from me in trembling love to him.
But now I am repelled. He loves me, true,—
Because I am his wife: he ought to love me;
I am the hook to hang his duty on.
Sometimes he waits upon me like a maid,
Silent with watchful eyes. Oh! would to Heaven,
That he would use me like a Georgian slave;
For then some words of tenderness would mix,
Relenting from the roughness of command!

But I am not enough for him: he needs
Some high-entranced maiden, ever pure,
And thronged with burning thoughts of God and him.
So, as he loves me not, his deeds for me
Lie on me like a sepulchre of stones.
Italian lovers love not so; but he
Has German blood in those great veins of his.
He never brings a flower to me, or song.
He sings low wandering sweet songs to the child;
But never sings to me what the voice-bird
Sings to the silent, sitting on the nest.
I would I were his child, and not his wife;
How I should love him then! Yet I have thoughts
Fit to be women to his mighty men;
And he would love them, did he lead them out.
Ah! there they come, the visions of my land!
The long sweep of a bay, white sands, and cliffs
Purple above the blue waves at their feet.
Down the full river comes a light-blue sail;
And down the near hill-side come country girls,
Brown, rosy, with their loads of glowing fruits;
Down to the sands come ladies, young, and clad
For holiday; in whose hearts wonderment
At manhood is the upmost, deepest thought;
And to their sides come stately, youthful forms,
Italy's youth, with burning eyes and hearts—
Triumphant Love is King of the bright day.
Yet one heart, 'neath that little sail, would look

With pity on their poor contentedness;
For he sits at the helm, I at his feet.
He sung a song, and I replied to him.
His song was of the wind that blew us down
From sheltering hills to the unsheltered sea.
Ah! little thought my heart that the wide sea,
Where I should cry for comforting in vain,
Was the expanse of his wide awful soul,
To which that wind was helpless drifting me.
I would he were less great, and loved me more.
I sung to him a song, broken with sighs,
For even then I feared the time to come:
"O will thine eyes shine always, love, as now?
"And will thy lips for aye be sweetly curved?"
Said my song, flowing unrhymed from my heart.
"And will thy forehead, ever, sunlike, bend,
"And suck my soul in vapours up to thee?
"Ah love! I need love, beauty, and sweet odours;
"Thou livest in the hoary mountains; I
"In the warm valley, with the lily pale
"Shadowed with mountains and its own great leaves;
"Where odours are the sole invisible clouds
"Making the heart weep for deliciousness.
"Will thy eternal mountain always bear
"Blue flowers upspringing at the glacier's foot?
"Alas! I fear the storms, the blinding snow,
"The vapours which thou gatherest round thy head,
"Wherewith thou shuttest up thy chamber-door,

" And goest from me into loneliness."
Ah me, my song! it is a song no more!
He is alone amidst his windy rocks;
I wandering on a low and dreary plain!

She weeps herself asleep.

Scene V. Lord Seaford *in his private room, alternately writing at a table and composing at his pianoforte.*

SONG.

Eyes of beauty, eyes of light,
Sweetly, softly, sadly bright!
Draw not, ever, o'er my eye,
Radiant mists of ecstasy.

Be not proud, O glorious orbs!
Not your mystery absorbs;
But the starry soul that lies
Looking through your nightly skies.

One moment, be less perfect, sweet;
Sin once in something small;
One fault to lift me on my feet
From love's too perfect thrall!

For now I have no soul; a sea
Fills up my caverned brain,
Heaving in silent waves to thee,
The mistress of that main.

O Angel! take my hand in thine;
Unfold thy shining silver wings;
Spread them around thy face and mine,
Close curtained in their murmurings.

But I should faint with too much bliss
To be alone in space with thee;
Except, O dread! one angel-kiss
In sweetest death should set me free.

O beauteous devil, tempt me, tempt me on,
Till thou hast won my soul in sighs;
I'll smile with thee upon thy fiery throne,
If thou wilt keep those eyes.

And if the music of my wild desires
Should charm thy pain of one faint sting;
I will arise amid the scorching fires,
I will arise and sing.

O what is God to me? He sits apart
Amidst the clear stars, passionless and cold;
Divine! thou art enough to fill my heart;
O fold me in thy heaven, sweet love, infold.

With too much life, I fall before thee dead;
With holding thee, my sense consumes in storm;
Thou art too keen a flame, too hallowed
For any temple but thy holy form.

Scene VI. *Julian's Room next morning; no fire.* Julian *stands at the window, looking into a thick London fog.*

Julian. And there are mountains on the earth, far-off;
Steep precipices laved at morn in wind
From the blue glaciers fresh; and falls that leap,
Springing from rock to pool abandonedly;
And all the spirit of the Earth breathed out,
Bearing the soul, as on an altar-flame,
Aloft to God. And there is woman-love —
Far off, ah me! (*Sitting on the edge of a chair, and leaning forward, with one hand covering his eyes, and the elbow resting on his knee.*)
The heart of earth's delight
Withered from mine! O for a desert sea
With the sun flashing on the sailing ice-bergs!
Where I might cry aloud on God, until
My soul burst forth upon the wings of pain
And fled to him. A numbness as of death
Comes on me. As in sleep I walk; I live,
But my dull soul can hardly keep awake.
Yet God is here as on the mountain-top,
Or on the desert sea, or lonely isle;
And I should know him here, if Lilia loved me,
As once I thought she did. But can I blame her?
The change has been too much for her to bear;
Has poverty a power to chill the heart,
Although it has brought mine much nearer God,

And taught me how to say in verity,
Give us this day our daily bread? But then
I have been often silent, sometimes moody,
Drowned in much questioning. So she has thought
That I grew tired of her, nor guessed that oft
I pondered how to wake her living soul.
She cannot think why I should go alone
So oft, except a goaded conscience urged;
Thinks not of aught to gain, but much to shun.
So if she deems that I repent me thus,
Of that which makes her mine for evermore,
It is no wonder that her love grows less.
Then I am older much than she; and this
Late sickness hath gone far to make me old
Before my fortieth year; and so my form
Is not a truthful index to my soul.
O my poor Lilia! thou art not to blame;
I'll love thee more than ever; I will be
So gentle to thy heart where love lies dead!
For carefully men ope the door, and walk
With silent footfall through the room where lies,
Exhausted unto sleep with its sore travail,
The body that erewhile hath borne a spirit.
Alas, my Lilia! where is dead Love's child?
I must go forth and do my daily work.
I thank thee, God, that it is hard sometimes
To do my daily labour; for, of old,
When men were poor, and could not bring thee much,

A turtle-dove was all that thou didst ask.
And so in poverty, and with a heart
Oppressed with heaviness, I try to do
My day's work well to Thee, — my offering.
That man has taught me this, who once sat weary
At Sychar's well. Then home when I return,
I come without upbraiding thoughts to Thee.
Ah! well I see man need not seek for penance—
Thou wilt provide the lamb for sacrifice;
Thou only wise enough to teach the soul,
Portioning out the burden it must bear,
Because it is thy will, not of its own.
He sought not his own glory, nor chose out
The burden he should bear; left all to God;
And of them both God gave to him enough.
And see the sun looks faintly through the mist;
It cometh as a messenger to me.
My soul is heavy, but I will go forth;
My days seem perishing, but God yet lives
And loves. I cannot feel, but will believe.

He rises and is going. Lilia *enters, looking weary.*

Look, my dear Lilia, how the sun shines out!

Lilia. Shines out indeed! yet 'tis not bad for London.
I would I were in Italy, my own! (*Weeps.*)

Julian. 'Tis the same sun that shines in Italy.

Lilia. But never more will shine upon us there.
It is too late, too late, to wish; but oh!

That you, that we had not, for any cause,
Deserved the punishment of exile thence.

Julian. Ah! my dear Lilia, do not always think
That God is angry when we suffer ill.
'Twere terrible indeed, if 'twere in anger.

Lilia. Julian, I cannot feel as you. I wish
I felt as you feel.

Julian. God will hear you too,
If you will speak to Him. But I must go.
Kiss me, my Lilia.

She kisses him mechanically. He goes with a sigh.

Lilia. It is plain to see
He tries to love me, but is weary of me.

She weeps. Enter LILY.

Lily. Mother, have you been naughty? Mother, dear—
(*Pulling her hand from her face.*)

SCENE VII. *Julian's Room. Noon.* LILIA *at work;* LILY *playing in a closet.*

Lily. (*Running up to her mother.*) Sing me a little song, please, mother dear.

LILIA, *looking off her work, and thinking with fixed eyes for a few moments, sings.*

SONG.

Once I was a child,
Oimè!
Full of frolic wild;
Oimè!
All the stars for glancing,
All the earth for dancing;
Oimè! Oimè!

When I ran about,
Oimè!
All the flowers came out,
Oimè!
Here and there like stray things,
Just to be my playthings;
Oimè! Oimè!

Mother's eyes were deep,
Oimè!
Never needing sleep;
Oimè!
Morning—they're above me!
Eventide—they love me!
Oimè! Oimè!

Father was so tall!
Oimè!
Stronger far than all;
Oimè!
On his arm he bore me,
Queen of all before me;
Oimè! Oimè!

Mother is asleep;
Oimè!
For her eyes so deep,
Oimè!
Grew so tired and aching,
They could not keep waking.
Oimè! Oimè!

Father, though so strong,
Oimè!
Laid him down along,
Oimè!
By my mother sleeping,
Leaving me all weeping,
Oimè! Oimè!

No flowers, sad to see,
Oimè!
Ever look at me!
Oimè!
Since they left me crying,
All things have been dying.
Oimè! Oimè!

LILY *looks long in her mother's face, as if wondering what it could be about; then turns away to the closet. After a little she comes running to her mother with a box in her hand.*

Lily. O mother, mother! there's the old box I had
So long ago, and all my cups and saucers,
And the farm-house and cows.—Oh! some are broken.

Father will mend them for me, I am sure.
I'll ask him when he comes to-night—I will:
He can do everything, you know, dear mother.

Scene VIII. *A Merchant's Counting-house.* Julian *locking the safe and preparing to go home.*

Julian. I would not give these days of daily toil,
This murky atmosphere that seems to creep
Into the very soul, and change its hue,
For evenings when with gliding keel I cut
A pale-green track across the sunset glory;
Pale-green, and dashed with snowy white, and spotted
With sunset crimson; when the wind breathed low,
So low it hardly swelled my xebec's sails,
That pointed to the South, and wavered not,
Erect upon the waters.—Jesus said
His followers should have a hundred fold
Of Earth's most precious things, with suffering.—
In all the labourings of a weary spirit,
I have been bless'd with gleams of glorious things.
The sights and sounds of Nature touch my soul
Not far off now, as once.—I never see
Such light-filled streaky clouds all gathering round
A gently opening eye into the blue,
But swells my heart, and bends my sinking knee,
As it would bow in prayer. The setting sun
Was wont to tell the time for prayer had come—

Now it doth move my inmost soul to pray.
On this same earth He walked; even thus He looked
Upon its thousand glories; read them all;
Let them pass on in splendour through his soul,
And triumph in their new beatitude,
Finding a heaven of truth to mirror them;
And walked on steadily through pain to death.
Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
To feel than write; but better far than both,
To be on Earth a poem of God's making;
To have one's soul a leaf, on which God's pen
In various words, as of triumphant music,
That mingleth joy and sorrow, setteth forth
That out of darkness he hath brought the light.
To such perchance the poet's voice is given,
To tell the mighty tale to other worlds.
Oh! I am blest in sorrows with a hope
That steepeth them in gladness; as grey clouds
Are bathed in light of roses; yea, I were
Most blest of men, if I were now returning
To Lilia's heart as presence. O my God,
I can but look to thee. And then the child,
To whom I cling with love that bursts in tears—
Alas, that she should be a consolation,
And not an added joy, to fill my soul
Till gladness overflowed in many voices
Of song, and prayer—and weeping, when the words
Should faint beneath the weight of utterance.

Scene IX. Lilia *preparing to go out.* Lily.

Lily. Don't go to-night again.

Lilia. Why, child, your father
Will soon be home; and then you will not miss me.

Lily. Oh, but I shall though; and he looks so sad
When you're not here.

Lilia. (*aside*) He cannot look much sadder
Than when I am. I am sure 'tis a relief
To find his child alone when he returns.

Lily. Will you go, mother? Then I'll go and cry
Till father comes. He'll take me on his knee,
And tell such pretty tales: you never do—
Nor sing me songs made all for my own self.
He does not kiss me half so many times
As you do, mother; but he loves me more.
Do you love father, too? I love him *so.*

Lilia. (*ready*) There's such a pretty book. Sit on the stool,
And look at the pictures till your father comes. (*Goes.*)

Lily. (*putting the book down, and going to the window.*)
I wish he would come home. I wish he would.

Enter Julian.

Oh, there he is! (*running up to him.*) Oh, now I am so happy! (*Laughing.*)
I had not time to watch before you came.

Julian. (*taking her in his arms.*) I am very glad to have my little girl;
I walked quite fast to come to her again.

Lily. I do, *do* love you. Shall I tell you something?
Think I should like to tell you. 'Tis a dream
That I went into, somewhere in last night.
I was alone — quite — you were not with me,
So I must tell you. 'Twas a garden, like
That one you took me to, long long ago,
When the sun was so hot. It was not winter,
But some of the poor leaves were growing tired
With hanging there so long. And some of them
Gave it up quite, and so dropped down and lay
Quiet on the ground. And I was watching them.
I saw one falling — down, down — tumbling down —
Just at the earth — when suddenly it spread
Great wings and flew. — It was a butterfly,
So beautiful with wings, black, red, and white —
(*laughing heartily.*) I thought it was a crackly, withered leaf.
Away it flew! I don't know where it went.
And so I thought, I have a story now
To tell dear father, when he comes to Lily.

Julian. Thank you, my child; a very pretty dream.
But I am tired — will you go find another —
Another dream somewhere in sleep for me?

Lily. O yes, I will; perhaps I cannot find one.

He lays her down to sleep; then sits musing.

Julian. What shall I do to give it life again?
To make it spread its wings before it fall,
And lie amongst the dead things of the earth?

Lily. I cannot go to sleep. Please, father, sing
The song about the little thirsty lily.

JULIAN *sings.*

SONG.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good:
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food!
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!"

Little white Lily
Droopeth in pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain!
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full!"

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine!
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

He is silent for a moment; then goes and looks at her.

Julian. She is asleep, the darling! Easily
Is Sleep enticed to brood on a child's heart.
Gone home unto thy Father for the night!

He returns to his seat.

I have grown common to her. It is strange—
This commonness; that, as a blight, eats up
All the heart's springing corn and promised fruit.
(*Looking round.*) This room looks very common: everything
Has such a well-known look of nothing in it;
And yet when first I called it hers and mine,

There was a mystery inexhaustible
About each trifle on the chimney-piece.
But now the gilt is nearly all rubbed off.
Even she, the goddess of the wonder-world,
Seems less mysterious and worshipful:
No wonder if to her I should be common.
Alas! what must I think? Is this the true?
Was that the false that was so beautiful?
Was it a rosy mist that wrapped it round?
Or was love to the eyes as opium,
Making all things more beauteous than they were?
Or can that opium do more than God
To waken beauty in a human brain?
Is this the real, the cold, undraperied truth;
A skeleton admitted as a guest
At life's loud feast, wearing a life-like mask?
No, no; my heart would die if I believed it.
A blighting fog uprises with the days,
False, cold, dull, leaden, grey. It clings about
The present, dragging like a robe; but still
Forsakes the past, and lets its hues shine out,
While on the future pours the light of Heaven.
The Lovely is the True. The Beautiful
Is what God made. Men from whose narrow bosoms
The great child-heart has withered, backwards look
To their first-love, and laugh, and call it folly,
A mere delusion to which youth is subject,
As childhood to diseases. They know better.

And proud of their denying, tell the youth,
On whom this wonderment of being shines,
That will be over with him by and by:
"I was so when a boy — look at me now."
Youth, be not one of them, but love thy love.
So with all worship for the high and good,
And pure and beautiful. These men are wiser!
Their god, Experience, but their own decay;
Their wisdom but the grey hairs gathered on them.
Yea, some will mourn and sing about their loss,
And for the sake of sweet sounds cherish it,
Nor yet believe that it was more than seeming.
The man in whom the child's heart hath not died,
But grown into the man's, still loves the Past;
Believes in all its beauty; knows the hours
Will dissipate the mist; and when this day
Has laid its stone upon the monument,
A morning light will break one morn, and draw
The hidden glories of a thousand hues
Out from the crystal-depths, and ruby-spots,
And sapphire-veins, unseen, unknown, before.
Far in the future lies his refuge. Time
Is God's, and all its miracles are his;
And in the Future he o'ertakes the Past,
Which was a prophecy of times to come;
Where lie great flashing stars, such as shone out
In childhood's laughing heaven; the wonderment
With which the sun went down and moon arose;

The joy with which the meadows opened out
Their daisies to the warming sun of Spring;
And so, to reach it, climbs the present slope
Of each day's duty — here he would not rest —
Believing that the glory still is near,
Though o'er its face a covering is spread,
As o'er the bride's dear face the bridal veil:
He knows the beauty radiant beneath.
Till faith dies into sight, the cloudy veil
Melteth away pierced through with inward light;
And the man knows God never mocked a man
With beauty meant to die and make no sign.
If thy young heart yet lived, my Lilia, thou
And I might as two children, hand in hand,
Go home unto our Father. I believe
It only sleeps, and may be yet awaked.

Scene X. *Julian's Room. Christmas Day; early Morn.* Julian.

Julian. The light comes slowly, feebly, to the earth
On this one day that blesses all the year,
Just as it comes on any other day.
And so, a feeble child this one child came,
Bringing new childhood to the aged earth:
Henceforth is nothing common or unclean.
All things had hitherto proclaimed God:
The wide-spread air; the luminous mist that hid
The far horizon of the fading sea;
Its low monotonous music evermore

Flung down upon the sands, and at the base
Of the great rocks that hold it as a cup;
All things most common; the thick yellow furze,
Opening its pods in music 'neath the heat
Of the high summer-sun at afternoon;
The lone black tarn upon the round hill-top,
O'er which the grey clouds brood like rising smoke,
Sending its many rills o'erarched and hid,
Singing like children down the rocky sides;—
Where shall I find the most unnoticed thing,
For it did tell of God with all its voice?
But men heard not, they knew not God in these;
To their strange speech unlistening ears were strange;
For with a stammering tongue and broken words,
With mingled falsehoods and denials loud,
Did man speak God unto his fellow man;
How then himself the voice of Nature hear?
Or how himself be heeded, when, the leader,
He in the chorus sung in discord vile?
When prophet lies, how shall the people preach?
But when He came in poverty, and low,
To be a real man upon the world,
A man whose human thoughts were all divine,
The head and upturned face of human kind,
Straight God shone forth from all the lowly earth,
And men began to read their Maker there.
Now the Divine descends, pervading all.
Earth is no more a banishment from heaven;

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But a lone field among the distant hills,
Well ploughed and sown, whence corn is gathered home.
Now do we feel the holy mystery
That permeates all being; all is God's;
And my poor life is terribly sublime.
Where'er I look, I am alone in God,
As this round world within embracing space;
Behind, before, begin and end in him:
So all beginnings and all ends are hid;
And he is hid in me, and I in him.
What a vast unity, to mean them all!—
The peach-dyed morn; cold stars in evening-east;
The Autumn leaves, most beautiful in death;
A grassy height, where the same breezes play
That tossed our infant-spirits to and fro
In undulating gladness; and above,
The crescent moon, in daylight very pale,
And in a faint-blue sky; day fades, and then
Blooms out the pale eternal flower of space,
The opal night, oppressing us with beauty,
When the cold wind is running o'er the graves,
And in the dreamy sky, the wan-faced moon
(The brighter core to the great petal-cup)
Like pallid spectre of an ancient sun,
Revisiting by night his wonted walk,
Looks sorrow on his sleeping child, the Earth;—
All, all the unnumbered meanings of the Earth,
Changing with every cloud that passes o'er;

All, all, from polar seas of jewelled ice,
To where she dreameth out strange gorgeous flowers,
The unlike children of her single womb —
Oh, my heart pants, crushed with infinitude!
And all the varied tales that they have told
To varying human eyes and ears and souls;
And all the kindling cheeks and swelling hearts,
That since the first-born, young, attempting day,
Have looked on them; — Oh! what a unity,
To mean each one, yet fuse them all in one!
The centre of them all, their concord's home,
Their soul expressed in one condensed world —
The face of Him, in whose heart lay concealed
The fountain-thought of all this Kingdom of Heaven!
I sought to come to God; I pressed to him.
I spoke to Him, and in my heart it seemed
That he replied to me. I said — "Take me
Nigh unto thee, thou mighty life of life!
I faint, I die; I am a child alone
'Mid the wild storm, or brooding desert-night."
"Go thou, poor child, to Him who once, like thee,
Trod the highways and deserts of the world."
"Then thou dost send me, wretched, from thy sight!
Thou wilt not have me — I am not worth thy care!"
"I send thee not away; nay, think not so;
I speak from the hill-top to show the path
Whereby thou canst come home unto my heart.
I, I am leading thee. Think not of Him

As he were one and I were one; in him
Thou wilt find me, for he and I are one.
Learn thou to worship at a lowly shrine,
And see that God doth dwell in lowliness."
I came to him; I gazed upon his face;
And lo! from out his eyes the God looked forth!
Yea, let them laugh! I *will* sit at his feet,
As a child sits upon the ground, and looks
Up in its mother's face. One smile from him,
One look from those sad eyes, is more to me
Than to be worshipped as a king of thought.
O thou who wert made perfect through thy pain,
Whom nothing could bring forth to human eyes
But self-devotion even unto death,
Giving thyself most earnestly away,
Not thinking of the grandeur of the deed,
But of the hearts dying for need of thee!
Lord of thyself and me through this thy pain,
Which thou hast borne to bring me back to God,
Or rather, borne in being unto me
Thy own pure shining self of love and truth,
Opening my heart with entering new God-life!
When I am like thee, having learned, like thee,
To love the truth beyond my being's self,
To bear my cross as thou, deny myself,
Nor ever feel a martyr for thy sake,
But an unprofitable servant still,
The highest sacrifice the simplest duty

Imperative and unavoidable,
Less than which *all* were nothingness and waste;
When I have lost myself in others' good,
And verily am simple as a child,
With one heart fixed on thee — then He will come,
Thy Father, with thee, and abide with me.
Alas, I am so evil, far from thee,
Though seated, listening, at thy weary feet!
Would, Lilia, thou wert sitting with me there!

SCENE XI. LILIA *teaching* LADY GERTRUDE. *Enter* LORD SEAFORD. LILIA *rises. He places her a chair, and seats himself at the instrument; plays a low, half-melancholy, half-defiant prelude, and sings.*

SONG.

"Look on the magic mirror;
A glory thou wilt spy:
Be with thine heart a sharer,
But go not thou too nigh;
Else thou wilt rue thine error,
With a tear-filled, sleepless eye."

The youth looked on the mirror,
And he went not too nigh;
And yet he rued his error,
With a tear-filled, sleepless eye;
For he could not be a sharer
Of what he there did spy.

He went to the Magician
Upon the morrow-morn.
"Mighty," was his petition,
"Look not on me in scorn;
But one last gaze elysian,
Lest I should die forlorn!"

He saw her in her glory,
Floating upon the main.
Ah me! the same sad story!
The darkness and the rain!
If I live till I am hoary,
I shall never laugh again.

She held the youth enchanted,
Till his thin lips grew pale,
And his full heart heaved and panted
To utter forth its tale:
Forward he rushed, undaunted.—
And the shattered mirror fell.

He rises and leaves the room. LILLA *weeping.*

END OF PART III.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

And should the twilight deepen into night,
And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong;
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
That a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know the darkness, proves the light.
Weep if thou wilt, but weep not thou too long;
Or weep and work, for work will lead to song.
But search thy heart, whether, hid from thy sight,
There lie no cause for Beauty's slow decay;
If for completeness and diviner youth,
And not for very love, thou seek'st the truth;
If thou hast learned to give thyself away
For love's own self, not for thyself, I say:
Were God's love less, the world were lost, in sooth.

PART IV.

SCENE I. *Summer. Julian's Room.* JULIAN *is reading out of a book of poems.*

Love me, beloved; the thick clouds lower;
A sleepiness filleth the earth and air;
The rain hath been falling for many an hour;
A weary look the summer doth wear;
Beautiful things that cannot be so;
Loveliness clad in the garments of woe.

Love me, beloved; I hear the birds;
The clouds are lighter; I see the blue;
The wind in the leaves is like gentle words
Quietly passing 'twixt me and you;
The evening air will bathe the buds
With the soothing coolness of summer floods.

Love me, beloved; for, many a day,
Will the mist of the morning pass away;
Many a day will the brightness of noon
Lead to a night that hath lost her moon;
And in joy or in sadness, in Autumn or Spring,
Thy love to my soul is a needful thing.

Love me, beloved; for thou mayest lie
Dead in my sight, 'neath the same blue sky:
Love me, O love me, and let me know
The love that within thee moves to and fro;
That many a form of thy love may be
Gathered around thy memory.

Love me, beloved; for I may lie
Dead in thy sight, 'neath the same blue sky;
The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,
The stronger thy hope till we meet again;
And forth on the pathway we do not know,
With a load of love, my soul would go.

Love me, beloved; for one must lie
Motionless, lifeless, beneath the sky;
The pale stiff lips return no kiss
To the lips that never brought love amiss;
And the dark brown earth be heaped above
The head that lay on the bosom of love.

Love me, beloved; for both must lie
Under the earth and beneath the sky;
The world be the same when we are gone;
The leaves with the same quiet tone sound on;
The Spring come forth, and the wild flowers live,
Gifts for the poor man's love to give;
The sea, the lordly, the gentle sea,
Tell the same tales to others than thee;
And thoughts that flush up like the light of morn
Irradiate hearts that are yet unborn;
A youthful race call our earth their own,
And gaze on its wonders from thought's high throne;

Embraced by fair Nature, the youth will embrace
The maid beside him, his queen of the race;
When thou and I shall have passed away
Like the foam-flake thou lookedst on yesterday.

Love me, beloved; for both must tread
On the threshold of Hades, the house of the dead;
Where now but in thinkings strange we roam,
We shall live and think, and shall be at home;
The sights and the sounds of the spirit land
No stranger to us than the white sea-sand,
Than the voice of the waves, and the eye of the moon,
Than the crowded street in the sunlit noon.
I pray thee to love me, belov'd of my heart;
If we love not truly, at death we part;
And how would it be with our souls to find
That love, like a body, was left behind!

Love me, beloved; Hades and Death
Shall vanish away like a frosty breath;
These hands, that now are at home in thine,
Shall clasp thee again if thou still art mine;
And thou shalt be mine, my spirit's bride,
In the ceaseless flow of eternity's tide,
If the truest love that thy heart can know
Meet the truest love that from mine can flow.
Pray God, beloved, for thee and me,
That our souls may be wedded eternally.

He closes the book, and is silent for some moments.

Ah me, Q Poet! did *thy* love last out
The common life together every day?

The slumber side by side with wondrousness
Each night after a day of fog and rain?
Did thy love glory o'er the empty purse,
And the poor meal sometimes the Poet's lot?
Is she dead, Poet? Is thy love awake?
Alas! and is it come to this with me?
I might have written that; where am I now?
Yet let me think: I love less passionately,
But not less truly; I would die for her —
A little thing, but all a man can do.
O my beloved, where the answering love?
Love me, beloved; whither art thou gone?

Scene II. *Lilia's Room.* Lilia.

Lilia. He grows more moody still, more self-withdrawn.
Were it not better that I went away,
And left him with the child; for she alone
Can bring the sunshine on his cloudy face?
Alas! he used to say to me, *my child.*
Some convent would receive me in my land,
Where I might weep unseen, unquestioned;
And pray that God, in whom he seems to dwell,
To take me likewise in, beside him there.
Had I not better make one trial first
To win again his love to compass me?
Should I not kneel, lie down before his feet,
And beg and pray for love as for my life?

Clasping his knees, look up to that stern heaven,
That broods above his eyes, and pray for smiles?
What if endurance were my only meed?
He would not turn away, but speak forced words,
Soothing with kindness me who thirst for love,
And giving service where I wanted smiles;
Till by degrees all had gone back again
To where it was, a slow dull misery.
No. 'Tis the best thing I can do for him—
And that I will do—free him from my sight.
In love I gave myself away to him;
And now in love I take myself again.
He will not miss me; I am nothing now.

SCENE III. *Lord Seaford's Garden.* LILIA; LORD SEAFORD.

Lord S. How those white roses cluster on the trellis,
Seeming in this dim light as if they floated
Within the fluid dusk that bathes them round.
One could believe that those far distant sounds
Of scarce-heard music, rose with the faint scent,
Breathed odorous from the heart of the pale flowers,
As the low rushing from a river-bed,
Or the continuous bubbling of a spring
In deep woods, turning over its own joy
In its own heart luxuriously, alone.
'Twas on such nights, after such sunny days,
The poets of old Greece saw beauteous shapes

Sighed forth from out the rooted, earth-fast trees,
With likeness undefinable retained
In higher human form to their tree-homes,
Which fainting let them forth into the air,
And lived a life in death till they returned.
The large-limbed, sweepy-curved, smooth-rinded beech
Gave forth the perfect woman to the night;
From the pale birch, breeze-bent and waving, stole
The graceful, slight-curved maiden, scarcely grown.
The hidden well gave forth its hidden charm,
The Naiad with the hair that flowed like streams,
And arms that gleamed like moonshine on wet sands.
The broad-browed oak, the stately elm, gave forth
Their inner life in shapes of ecstasy.
All varied, loveliest forms of womanhood
Dawned out in twilight, and athwart the grass
Half danced with cool and naked feet, half floated
Borne on winds dense enough for them to swim.
O what a life they lived! in poet's brain—
Not on this earth, alas!—But you are sad,
You do not speak, dear lady.

Lilia. Pardon me.
If such words make me sad, I am to blame.

Lord S. Sad! True, I spoke of lovely, beauteous things;
Beauty and sadness always go together.
Nature thought Beauty too rich to go forth
Upon the Earth without a meet alloy.
If Beauty had been meant to wed with gladness,

Poets had never needed this dream-life;
Each blessed man had but to look beside him,
And be more blest. How easily could God
Have made our life one consciousness of joy!
It is denied us. Beauty flung around
Most lavishly! as if to teach our hearts
To worship her; then when the soul is full
Of lovely shapes and all sweet sounds that breathe
And colours that bring tears into the eyes,
Steeped until saturated with her essence;
And, faint with longing, gasps for some one thing
More beautiful than all, containing all,
Essential Beauty's self, that it may say:
"Thou art my Queen — I dare not think to crown thee,
For thou art crowned already, every part,
With thy perfection; but I kneel to thee,
The utterance of the beauty of the Earth,
As of the trees the Hamadryades;
I worship thee, intense of loveliness!
Not sea-born only; sprung from Earth, Air, Ocean,
Star-fire; all elements and forms commingling
To give thee birth, to utter forth their thought
Of beauty which they hold in many forms,
In one expressing all, a living Love,
Their far-surpassing child, their chosen Queen
By virtue of thy dignities combined"—
And when in some great hour of wild surprise,
She floats into his sight; and, rapt, entranced,

At last he doth behold her, as I thee;
And, breathless, his full heart stands still for joy,
And his soul thinks not, having lost itself
In her, pervaded with her being, strayed
Out from his eyes, and gathered round her form,
Clothing her with the only beauty yet
That could be added, ownness unto him;
Then falls the stern loud *No* with thunder-tone.
—For Beauty taught; the soul made bright, until
It is a mirror to reflect her form;
Led unto Beauty; and one glance allowed
At the ideal of all longing thoughts
To set the soul on the apex of desire—
Then comes the black storm, and the sweeping rain,
And the low desert Earth without a Sun,
And the dim rush of countless years behind—

He sinks at her feet.

Yet for this moment, let me worship thee!

Lilia. (*agitated.*) Rise, rise, my lord; this cannot be indeed.

I pray you, cease; I will not listen to you.
Indeed it must not, cannot, must not be! (*Moving as to go.*)

Lord S. (*rising.*) Forgive me, madam. Let me cast myself
On your good thoughts. I had been thinking thus
All the bright morning, as I walked alone;

And when you came, my thoughts flowed forth in words.
It is a weakness with me from my boyhood,
That if I act a part in any play,
Or follow with my intellect alone
A passion or a motive; ere I know,
My being is absorbed, my brain on fire;
I am possessed with something not my own,
And live and move and speak in foreign forms.
Pity my weakness, madam; and forgive
My rudeness with your gentleness and truth.
That you are beautiful is simple fact;
And when I once began to speak my thoughts,
The wheels of speech ran on, till they took fire,
And in your face flung foolish sparks and dust.
I am ashamed; and but for dread of shame,
I should be kneeling now to beg forgiveness.

Lilia. Think nothing more of it, my lord, I pray.
What is this purple flower with the black spot
Deep in its heart? I never saw it before.

SCENE IV. *Julian's Room. The dusk of evening.* JULIAN *standing in the middle of the room, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor.*

Julian. I see her as I saw her then. She sat
On a low chair, the child upon her knees,
Not six months old. Radiant with motherhood,
Her full face beamed upon the face below,

Bent over, as with love to ripen love ;
Till its intensity did seem to draw
A mist across the clear heaven of her eyes,
That gathered till it dropt in large slow tears,
Rich human rain on furrows of the heart!

He walks towards the window, seats himself at a little table, and writes.

THE FATHER'S HYMN FOR THE MOTHER TO SING.

My child is lying on my knees ;
The signs of Heaven she reads ;
My face is all the Heaven she sees,
Is all the Heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,
If Heaven is in my face—
Behind it all is tenderness,
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Without a questioning ;
'Twere little to let life go by
For her a truth to bring.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak ;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

If I, so often full of doubt,
So true to her must be,
Thou, who dost see all round about,
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a Life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap
My waywardness around;
And hold me quietly on the lap
Of Love without a bound?

And so I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to Thee.

SCENE V. *Lord Seaford's House; Lady Gertrude's Room.* LADY GERTRUDE *lying on a couch;* LILIA *seated beside her, with the girl's hand in both hers.*

Lady Gertrude. How kind of you to come! and you will stay
And be my beautiful nurse till I grow well?

I am better since you came. You look so sweet,
It brings the summer back into my heart.

Lilia. I am very glad to come. Indeed, I felt
No one could nurse you quite so well as I.

Lady Gertrude. How kind of you! Do call me Gertrude, now;
And put your white cool hands upon my head;
And let me lie and look in your great eyes;
'Twill do me good; all beauty must be healing.

Lilia. I must not let you talk too much, dear Gertrude.

Lady Gertrude. Well, as I cannot have my music-lesson,
Sing to me, will you? Then I will be still.
Sing that strange ballad you sang once before,
And only once.

Lilia. What was it, child?

Lady Gertrude. It was
Something about a race — Death and a Lady —

Lilia. Oh, I remember. I would rather sing
Some other though.

Lady Gertrude. No, no, I want that one.
Its ghost walks up and down within my head;
I shall be ill with vain attempts to raise
Its bodily form, if you will not consent
To be my necromancer.

Lilia. Well, I'll sing it.

She sings.

SONG.

Death and a lady rode in the wind,
In a starry midnight pale;
Death on a bony horse behind,
With no footfall upon the gale.

The lady sat a wild-eyed steed,
Eastward he tore to the morn;
But ever the sense of a noiseless speed
And the sound of reaping corn!

All the night through the headlong race
Sped to the morning grey;
The cold dew stood on the lady's face—
From Death or the morning? say.

Her steed's wide knees began to shake,
As he flung the road behind;
The lady sat still, but her heart did quake,
And a cold breath came down the wind.

When, lo! a fleet bay horse beside,
With a silver mane and tail;
A knight, bareheaded, the horse did ride,
With never a coat of mail.

He never lifted his hand to Death,
And he never couched a spear;
But the lady felt another breath,
And a voice was in her ear.

He looked her weary eyes through and through,
With his eyes so strong in faith:
Her bridle-hand the lady drew,
And she turned and laughed at Death.

And away through the mist of the morning grey,
The spectre and horse rode wide;
The dawn came up the old bright way,
And the lady never died..

Lord Seaford (*who has entered unperceived*). Delightful! Will this satisfy you, Gertrude?
With such charm-music you will soon be well.
Madam, I know not how to say enough,
To thank you for this kindness to my daughter:
She looks as different from yesterday
As sunrise from a fog.
Lilia. I am but too happy
To be of use to one I love so much.

Scene VI. *A rainy day.* Lord Seaford *lying on the floor of his Cabinet. Something within him says or sings.*

Music! oh, music!
I am a-weary.
Music! oh, music!
My heart is so dreary.
Would I could drink it,
As from a cup;

Would I could think it,
And lift me up!
For I am lying
Upon the ground;
In me is sighing,
And greyness around.
Heaven is rain-clouded;
Earth is a fog.
In wet forests shrouded
Lieth a log:
So lieth weary
My soul within
My brain so dreary,
So weary, so dreary,
With thinking and sin!

SCENE VII. JULIAN *reading in his room.*

"And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

He closes the book and kneels.

SCENE VIII. *Lord Seaford's Cabinet.* LILIA *and* LORD SEAFORD *seated on a couch. Her hand in his.*

Lilia. It may be true. I am bewildered, though;
And know not what to answer.
Lord S. Let me answer —
You would it were so — you would love me then?

A sudden crash of music from a brass band in the street, melting away into a low sadness. They listen in silence for a few seconds.

Lilia. (*starting up.*) Let me go, my lord!

Lord S. (*seeking to retain her hand.*) Why, sweetest! What is this?

Lilia. (*vehemently, and disengaging her hand.*) Let me go! Oh! my husband! my pale child!

She moves towards the door, but falls.

Lord S. (*raising her.*) I thought you trusted me, yes, loved me, Lilia!

Lilia. Peace! that name's his; speak it again — I rave.
He thought I loved him — and I did — I do.
Open the door, my lord!

He hesitates. Drawing herself up erect with flashing eyes.

Once more, my lord!
Open the door, I say.

He still hesitates. She walks swiftly to the window, flings it wide, and is throwing herself out.

Lord S. Stop, madam! I will.

He opens the door. She leaves the window, and walks out with a slow, stately motion. He hears the house-door open and shut. He flings himself on the couch, and hides his face.

Enter Lady Gertrude.

Lady Gertrude. Dear father, are you ill? I knocked three times;
You did not speak.

Lord S. I did not hear you, child.
My head aches rather ; else I am quite well.
Lady Gertrude. Where is the Countess ?
Lord S. She is gone. She had
An urgent message to go home at once.
But now you seem so well, my Gertrude, we
Will go to-morrow : you can travel now ;
And for your sake the sooner that we breathe
Italian air the better.
Lady Gertrude. This is sudden ;
I scarcely can be ready by to-morrow.
Lord S. It will oblige me, if you are, my child.
(*Going to his desk.*) You will want money. Take these notes, and get
Whatever you may wish. If you prefer it,
I will go with you. Ring the bell, my love ;
Robert shall put the horses to at once.

SCENE IX. *Evening. Hampstead Heath.* LILIA *seated.*

Lilia. The first pale star of night! the trembling star!
And all heaven waiting till the sunset-light
Shall be withdrawn ; and then a new creation
Will follow their queen-leader from the depths ;
The daylight crystallized by the night
Into a thousand brilliant glory-points.
O leader of new worlds! O star of love!
Thou hast gone down in me, gone down for ever ;

And left my soul in such a starless night,
It has not love enough to weep thy loss.
O fool! to know thee once, and, after years,
To take a gleaming marsh-lamp for thy light!
How could I for one moment hear him speak!
O Julian! for my last love-gift I thought
To bring that love itself, bound and devoted,
And slay it for a sacrifice to thee,
Leaving thy presence as I leave thee now;
But that one spot hath tainted this my lamb,
And it must go with me, footsore and weary,
Because it must not think to die for thee.
And yet, thank God, it was one moment only,
That, lapt in darkness and the loss of thee,
Sun of my soul, and half my senses dead
Through very weariness and lack of love,
My heart throbbed once in answer to a ray
That glimmered through its gloom from other eyes,
And seemed to promise something bright again.
My presence will not grieve thee any more,
My Julian, my husband. I will find
A quiet place where I will seek thy God.
And — in my heart it wakens like a voice
From him — the Saviour — there are other worlds
Where all things wrong in this may be put right,
And I, made pure, may find thee, purer still,
And thou wilt love the love that kneels to thee.
I'll write and tell him I have gone, and why.

What shall I say about my late offence,
That he may think just what it was, no more?
And I must tell him if I write at all.
I fear lest he discover where I am:
Pity and duty would not let him rest
Until he found me; and I want to free
From all the weight of mine, that heart of his.
(*Sound of a coach-horn.*) It calls on me to rise and go to him,
Though now it leads me further and away.
The earth is round; God's thoughts return again;
And I will go in hope. O help me, God!

SCENE X. *Julian's Room.* JULIAN *reading. A letter is brought in. He reads it, turns deadly pale, and leans his arms and head on the table, almost fainting. This lasts some time; then starting up, he paces through the room, his shoulders slightly shrugged, his arms rigid by his sides, and his hands clenched hard, as if a net of pain were drawn tight around his frame. At length his muscles are relaxed, as by a galvanic anger; he walks erect and proudly, his chest swelling, but his teeth set.*

Julian. Me! my wife! Insect, didst thou say *my* wife?

Hurriedly turning over the letter on the table to see the address.

Why, if she love him more than me, why then
Let her go with him! Gone to Italy!
Pursue, says he? *Revenge*? Let the corpse crush
The slimy maggot with decaying fingers!

What if I stabbed — (*taking the dagger he had killed Nembroni with, and feeling its point.*)
Whom? Her—what then?—or him —
What yet? will that give back the life to me?
One more remains! Oh, peace! to lie and feel
The earthworms crawling through my mouldering brain!
But to go forth upon the winds of heaven —
For *ever* hear them, as I hear them now,
Howl *Lilia* in my ear — be tossed about
Beneath the stars — that ever range themselves
Into the burning letters of her name —
Why better creep the earth down here than that;
For pain's excess here sometimes deadens pain.

He throws the dagger on the floor.

Have I deserved this? Have I earned it? I?
A pride of innocence darts through my veins.
I stand erect. Shame cannot touch me. Ha!
I laugh at insult. *I?* I am myself —
Why starest thou at me? Well, stare thy fill;
If devils laugh, angels will lend their wings: —
Their wings! Ah, whither, whither should I fly?
Lilia! my worship of thy purity!
Again I see thee, as I saw thee then,
When, watching by thee in thy fever-pain,
Thy pure, white neck and bosom were laid bare;
And straight I turned my eyes away, and drew
With trembling hand white darkness over thee;

Because I knew not thou didst love me then.
Love me! O God in heaven! Is love a thing
That can die thus? Love me! Would, for thy penance,
That thou couldst see the heart that thou hast torn,
How truly, unreservedly, thine own.
No, that were fearful! What rage would not, love
Should do for thee — in mercy I would kill thee,
To save thee from this hell-fire of remorse.
If blood would make thee clean, I'd stab him dead,
And drag thee from his arms, and make thee bleed,
Till, drop by drop, the taint should drop away.
Clean! fit to lie by me again in sleep,
My hand upon thy heart! — not fit to lie,
For all thy bleeding, by me in the grave!

His eye falls on the likeness of Jesus, said to be copied from an emerald engraved by order of Tiberius. He stops, gazes, drops on his knees, and covers his face. He remains motionless a long time; then rises very pale, his lips compressed, and his eyes filled with tears.

O my poor Lilia! my soul weeps for thee.
(*Weeping bitterly.*)
How shall I win thee, save thee, make thee mine?
God, can she never more be clean? no more,
Through all the terrible years? Hast thou no well
In all thy heaven, in all Thyself, that can
Wash her soul clean? Her body will go down
Into the friendly earth — would it were lying

There in my arms; for there the rains will come,
Fresh from Thy skies, in streamlets through the sod,
All the long winter-night; and we should lie
Mouldering away together, gently washed
Into the heart of earth; and part would go
Forth on the sunny breezes that bear clouds,
Through the blue air. But her stained soul, my God!
Canst thou not cleanse it? Then should I, when death
Was gone, creep into Heaven at last, and sit
In some quiet place by her, with glory shadowed.
None would ask questions there. And I, content
To sorrow still a little, so I might
Look on her with the darling on her knees,
Should know that must be pure that dwelt within
The circle of thy glory. Lilia! Lilia!
I scorn the shame rushing from head to foot;
I would endure it doubled, if I might
Save but one hair of thine from this pollution,
Saying unto myself: this is a part
Of my own Lilia; and the world to me
Was nothing, if I had one smile from her,
The child of love: somehow she faded from me,
And this is all I have of her. My wife!
Soul of my soul! my oneness with myself!
Come back to me; I will be all to thee:
Back to my heart; and we will weep together,
And pray to God together every hour,
That he would show how strong he is to save.

The one that made is able to renew :
I know not how.—I'll hold thy heart to mine,
So close that the defilement needs must go.
My love shall ray thee round, and, as strong fire,
Dart through and through thy soul, till it be cleansed.
But if she love him? Oh my heart—beat! beat!
Grow not so sick with misery and life,
For fainting will not save thee — Oh no! no!
She cannot love him as she must love me.
Then if she love him not, oh horrible! oh God!

He stands in a stupor for some minutes.

What devil whispered that she was unclean?
I care not,—I do love her more than that.
Let me be shamed, ay, perish in my shame,
As men call perishing, so she be saved.
Saved! my beloved! my Lilia! alas!
Would she were here, and I would make her weep,
Till her soul wept itself to purity.
Far, far away! where my love cannot reach.
No, no; she is not gone. (*Starting and pacing hurriedly through the room.*) It was a blind
That might delude revenge, but not keen love.
What shall I do? (*Enter Lily.*) Ah! there's the precious thing
That shall entice her back. (*Kneeling and clasping the child to his heart.*) My little Lily,
I have lost your mother.

Lily. Oh! (*beginning to weep.*) She was so pretty,
Somebody has stolen her.

Julian. Will you go with me,
And help to look for her?

Lily. O yes, I will. (*clasping him round the neck.*)
But my head aches so, will you carry me?

Julian. Yes, my own darling. Come, we'll get your bonnet.

Lily. Oh! you've been crying, father. You're so white! (*putting her finger to his cheek.*)

Scene XI. *A table in a coffee-house, round which several Gentlemen are seated. To them enter another.*

1*st Gentleman.* Why, Bernard, you look heated; what's the matter?

Bernard. Hot work, as looked at; cool enough, as done.

2*nd G.* A good antithesis, as usual, Bernard.
But a shell too hard for the vulgar teeth
Of our impatient curiosity.

Bernard. Most unexpectedly I found myself
Spectator of a scene in a home-drama
Worth all stage-tragedies I ever saw.

All. What was it? Tell us then? Here, take this seat.

He sits at the table, and pours out a glass of wine.

Bernard. I went to call on Seaford, and was told
He had gone to town. So I, as privileged,

Went to his cabinet to write a note;
Which finished, I came down, and called his valet.
Just as I crossed the hall, I heard a voice—
"The Countess Lamballa—is she here to-day?"
And looking towards the door, I caught a glimpse
Of a tall figure, gaunt and stooping, drest
In a blue shabby frock down to his knees,
And on his left arm sat a little child.
The porter gave short answer, with the door
For period to the same; when, like a flash,
It flew wide open, and the serving man
Went reeling, staggering backwards to the stairs,
'Gainst which he fell, and then rolled down and lay.
In walked the visitor; but in the moment
Just measured by the closing of the door,
Heavens! what a change! He walked erect, as if
Heading a column; with an eye and face
As if a fountain-shaft of blood had shot
Up suddenly within his wasted frame.
The child sat on his arm quite still and pale,
But with a look of triumph in her eyes.
Of me he took no notice; came right on;
Looked in each room that opened from the hall;
In every motion calm as frozen waves,
Save, now and then, a movement, sudden, quick,
Of his hand towards his side, unconsciously:
'Twas plain he had been used to carry arms.

3rd G. Did no one stop him?

Bern. Stop him! I'd as soon
Have faced a tiger with bare hands. 'Tis easy
In passion to meet passion; but it is
A daunting thing to look on, when the blood
Is going its wonted pace through your own veins.
Besides this man had something in his face,
With its live eyes, close lips, nostrils distended,
A self-reliance, and a self-command,
That would go right up to its goal, in spite
Of any *no* from any man. I would
As soon have stopped a cannon-ball as him.
Over the porter, whom the fall had stunned,
And up the stairs he went. I heard him go —
Listening as it had been a ghost that walked
With pallid spectre-child upon its arm —
Along the corridors, and round the halls,
Opening and shutting doors; until at last
A sudden fear lest he should find the lady,
And mischief should ensue, shot me up stairs.
I met him half-way down, quiet as before;
The fire had faded from his eyes; the child
Held in her tiny hand a lady's glove
Of delicate primrose. When he reached the hall,
He turned him to the porter, who had scarce
Lifted him from the floor, and saying thus:
"The Count Lamballa waited on Lord Seaford,"
Turned him again, and strode into the street.

1*st G.* Have you had any clue to it?

Bern. Not any.
Of course he has suspicions of his wife:
For all the gifts a woman has to give,
I would not rouse such blood. And yet to see
The gentle fairy child fall kissing him,
And, with her little arms grasping his neck,
Keep peeping round into his shaggy face,
As they went down the square, did almost make
A fool of me. — My name for such a child!

SCENE XII. *A bye-street.* JULIAN *walking home very weary. The child in his arms, her head lying on his shoulder. On a stone sits an organ-boy with a monkey. He sings in a low voice.*

Julian. Look at the monkey, Lily.
Lily. No, dear father;
I do not like monkeys.
Julian. Hear the poor boy sing.

They listen. He sings.

SONG.

Wenn ich höre dich mir nah',
Stimmen in den Blättern da;
Wenn ich fühl' dich weit und breit,
Vater, das ist Seligkeit.

Nun die Sonne liebend scheint,
Mich mit dir und All vereint;
Biene zu den Blumen fliegt,
Seel' an deiner Liebe schmiegt.

So mich völlig lieb du hast,
Daseyn ist nicht eine Last;
Wenn ich seh' und höre dich,
Das genügt mir inniglich.

Lily. It sounds so funny. What is he saying, father?

Julian. My boy, you are not German?

Boy. No; my mother
Came from those parts. She used to sing the song.
I hardly understand it all myself,
For I was born in Genoa.—Ah! my mother! (*weeps.*)

Julian. My mother was a German, my poor boy;
My father was Italian: I am like you. (*giving him money.*)
You sing of leaves and sunshine, flowers and bees,
Poor child, upon a stone in the dark street.

Boy. My mother sings it in her grave; and I
Will sing it everywhere, until I die.

Scene XIII. Lilia's *room.* Julian *enters with the child; undresses her, and puts her to bed.*

Lily. Father does *all* things for his little Lily.

Julian. Dear, dear Lily! Go to sleep, my pet. (*Sitting by her.*)

"Wenn ich seh' und höre dich,
Das genügt mir inniglich."

Falling on his knees.

I come to thee, and, lying on thy breast,
Father of me, I tell thee in thine ear,
Even as a boy might whisper to his mother,
That thou art not enough for me, my God.
Oh! dearly do I love thee; and no fear
Touches my heart lest thou shouldst be offended
At my free words — herein I know thy love.
O give me back my wife; for less than that
Can never make me blessed to the full.

Silence.

O yes; thou art enough for me, my God;
For she is thine, part of thyself to me;
My need of her springs from thy thought of me;
She is the offspring of thy beauty, God;
Yea of the womanhood that dwells in thee:
Thou wilt restore her to my very soul. (*Rising.*)
It may be all a lie; and something else
Keeps her away. O wretch! so easily
To think thy wife could sin against thy love!
She will come back to-night. I know she will.
What shall I answer her for such damned thoughts?
For that fool's visit to Lord Seaford's house?

His eye falls on the glove which the child still holds in her sleeping hand. He takes it gently away, and puts it in his bosom.

It will be all explained. To think that I,
Without one word from her, should judge her so!

What can I say to her when she returns?
She will come back to-night; I know she will.

He throws himself wearily on the bed.

SCENE XIV. *Crowd about the Italian Opera-House.* JULIAN. LILY *in his arms.* *Three Students.*

1*st Student.* Edward, you see that long, lank, threadbare man?
There is a character for that same novel
You talk of thunder-striking London with,
One of these days.
2*nd St.* I scarcely noticed him;
I was so taken with the lovely child.
She is angelic.
3*d St.* You see angels always,
Where others, more dim-sighted, see but mortals.
I only see a very pretty child.
I wonder what the old fellow is about:—
Some crazed enthusiast, music-distract,
That lingers at the door he cannot enter.
Give him an obol, Frank, to pay old Charon,
And cross to the Elysium of sweet sounds.
Here's mine.
1*st St.* And mine.
2*nd St.* And mine.

3*d Student offers the money to Julian.*

Julian. (*very quietly.*) No, thank you, Sir.

Lily. Oh! there is mother! (*stretching her hands towards a lady stepping out of a carriage.*)

Julian. No, no; hush, my child!

The lady looks round, and Lily clings to her father. Women talking.

1*st W.* I'm sure he's stolen the child. She can't be his.

2*nd W.* There's a suspicious look about him.

3*d W.* True;

But the child clings to him as if she loved him.

Julian moves on slowly.

SCENE XV. JULIAN *seated in his room, looking on the floor.* LILY *playing in a corner.*

Julian. Though I am lonely, yet this little child
Doth understand me better than the twelve
Did know the heart of Him who was their lord.
Ten times last night I woke in agony,
I knew not why. I found no comforter.
I stretched my arm to find her, and her place
Was empty as my heart. Sometimes my pain
Forgets its cause, benumbed by its own being;
And then I seek to lay my head and weep
Upon her breast — that promises relief —
And when I lift my eyes, an empty room.

He looks up and sees the child playing with the dagger, which had lain on the floor.

You'll hurt yourself, my child; it is too sharp.
Bring it to me, my darling; thank you, dear.

He breaks the hilt from the blade and gives it to her.

Here, take the pretty part. 'Tis not so pretty
As it was once; (*thinking aloud*) I picked the jewels out
To give your mother that last dress she wore;
But there's one left, I see, for you, my Lily.
Why did I kill Nembroni? I have saved
From outrage, but I have not saved from ill.—
If thou wert dead, the child would comfort me,—
Part of thy soul, at least, left here behind;
But now ——

Lily. (*throwing down the dagger-hilt, and running up to him.*) Father, what is a poetry?

Julian. A beautiful thing,—of the most beautiful
That God has made.

Lily. As beautiful as mother?

Julian. (*groaning.*) Yes, my dear child, almost as beautiful.

Lily. Do let me see a poetry.

Julian. (*opening a book.*) There, love.

Lily (*disappointedly*). I don't think that's so very pretty, father.
One side is very well—smooth; but the other (*rubbing her finger up and down on the ends of the lines*)
Is rough, rough; just like my hair in the morning,
(*smoothing her hair down with both hands*)
Before it's brushed. I don't care much about it.

Julian. (*putting the book down, and taking her on his knee.*) You do not understand it yet, my child.
You cannot know how it is beautiful.
I know you do not *see* it very pretty,
But perhaps you could hear it pretty, though.

He reads a little.

Lily. (*looking pleased.*) Oh! that's much prettier, father.
Very pretty;
It sounds so nice: — not half so pretty as mother.

Julian. There's something in it still more beautiful,
If you could only find it. When you're older,
You'll find it for yourself, and love it too.
Do you believe me, Lily?

Lily. Yes, dear father. (*kissing him, then looking at the book*)
I wonder where its prettiness is, though;
I cannot see it anywhere at all.

He sets her down. She goes to her corner.

Julian. (*musing.*) True, there's not much in me to love, and yet
I feel worth loving. I am very poor,
But that I could not help; and I grow old,
But there are saints in heaven older than I.
I have a world within my brain; and there
I thought that I had lovely, precious things, —
Not of my making; shady woods, and grass,

With clear streams running 'twixt the sloping banks;
And glimmering daylight in the cloven East;
And sunbeams in the morning, building up
A vapoury column 'midst the near-by trees;
And spokes of the sun-wheel, that, breaking through
The split arch of the clouds, fall on the Earth,
And travel round, as the wind blows the clouds;
The distant meadows and the gloomy river
Shine out as the ray-pencil sweepeth o'er.—
Ah me! where am I? Beauty hath grown pain;
For of this world I thought to make her queen;—
Far more; to lead her through the shadowy gates
Into that inner world of things unspoken,
Of which these glories are the outer stars,
The clouds that float within its atmosphere.
I thought, by the strong power of teaching love,
To ope her eyes to see how, far and wide,
Truth doth extend her empire, spreading out,
And brooding, a still spirit, everywhere;
To make her go into her spirit's chamber,
Open the little window, and look forth
On the wide silent sea, and silent winds,
And things that she must see, I could not tell.
I would have her a living child of light;
Therefore by sounding mighty chords I sought
To wake the sleeping music of her soul.
We read together poets' magic words,
Pictures to eyes, music to ears; and more,—

A high-compounded language to the heart,
Bursting with life and thought. I was too proud,
Too confident of strength to waken life,
Trusting to my own influence on her heart,
Not to the living power of human truth.
Unhappy saviour, who by strength of self
Would save from selfishness and narrow needs!
I have not been a saviour. She grew weary.
I began wrong. The infinitely high,
In lowliness made simple, should have come
For a first lesson. Had I sought to place
Her on a humble seat by Mary's side,
He would have taught her all, though I could not.
Yet, O my God! why hast thou made me thus
Terribly wretched, and beyond relief?

He looks up and sees that the child has taken the book to her corner, and peeps into it; then holds it to her ear; then rubs her hand over it; then puts her tongue on it.

Julian. (*bursting into tears.*) Father, I am thy *child.*
Forgive me this:
Thy poetry is very hard to read.

SCENE XVI. JULIAN *walking with* LILY *through one of the squares in the West End.*

Lily. 'Wish we could find her somewhere. 'Tis so sad
Not to have any mother! Shall I ask
This gentleman if he knows where she is?

Julian. No, no, my love; we'll find her by and by.

Bernard and another Gentleman talking together, as Julian and Lily wander slowly past.

Gentleman. Have you seen Seaford lately?

Bernard. No. In fact,
He vanished somewhat oddly, days ago.
Sam saw him with a lady in his cab;
And if I hear aright, one more is missing,
Just the companion for his lordship's taste.
You've not forgot that fine Italian woman
You met there once, some months ago?

Gentleman. Forgot her!
If I had lived to see her, 'twas enough.

Lily. Mother was Italy, father; was she not?

Julian. Hush, hush, my child! you must not talk just now.

Gentleman. I thought her husband was alive.

Bern. He is;
But will not miss her much, I should suppose.
He is half-crazed and growing daily worse
With some sort of a praying mania.

Gentleman. Better please two than one, they wisely thought.
I am sure I cannot blame him for my part,
She is a prize worth sinning for a little.

Lily. (*whispering.*) Why don't you ask them whether it was mother?
I am sure it was. I am quite sure of it.

Gentleman. Look what a lovely child!

Bern. Henry! Good heavens!

It is the Count Lamballa. If he heard us!

SCENE XVII. *Julian's Room.* JULIAN. LILY *asleep.*

Julian. I thank thee. Thou hast comforted me. Thou,
To whom I never lift my soul, and try
To reach Thee with my thinking, but the tears
Swell up into my eyes from the full heart
That cannot hold the thought of Thee, the thought
Of Him in whom I live, who lives in me,
And makes me live in Him; by whose one thought
Alone, unreachable, the making thought,
Infinite and self-bounded, I am here,
A living, thinking will, that cannot know
The power whereby I am, and am most blest
In being thus in Thee—my father's child.
Oh! oh! I cannot speak the words within.
My being shares Thy glory: lay on me
What Thou wouldst have me bear. Do Thou with me
Whate'er Thou wilt. Tell me Thy will, that I
May do it as my best, my highest joy.
Wilt Thou not save my wife? I cannot know
The power in Thee to purify from sin.
Thou knowest all that lesseneth her fault.
She loves me not, I know—ah me! this sickness!

But I will love her more, more tenderly;
For if I love her not, how desolate
The poor child will be left; *he* loves her not.
I have but one prayer left to make to Thee—
Give her again to me, that I may watch
And weep with her, and pray with her, and tell
What loving-kindness I have found with Thee,
That she may come to Thee to make her clean.
Her soul will wake as from a dream of bliss,
To know a dead one lieth in the house:
Let me be by her in her agony,
To nurse her in the fever of her soul,
Bring her cool waters from the wells of hope,
Look forth and tell her that the morn is nigh;
And when I cannot comfort, help her weep.
God, I would give her love like Thine to me,
Because I love her, and her need is great;
And I need her far more than thou need'st me.
How shall I find her? It were horrible
If the dread hour should come, and I not near.
Yet pray I not she should be spared one pang,
One writhing of self-loathing and remorse;
For she must hate the evil she has done.
Only take not away hope utterly.

Lily. (*in her sleep.*) Lily means me—don't throw it over the wall.

Julian. (*going to her.*) She is so flushed, I fear the child is ill;

But I must let her sleep. I fear I have
Fatigued her too much, wandering here and there.
To-morrow I will take her to the country.
(*Returning.*) If I knew where, I'd write to her, and write
So tenderly, she could not fail to come.
I will write now; I'll tell her that strange dream
I had last night; it comforted me much.
And when my pain is very bitter, then
I think of her, seeing her in the dream.

He gets writing-materials, sits down, and writes.

My heart was crushed, that I could hardly breathe.
I was alone upon a desolate moor;
And the wind blew by fits and died away—
I know not if it was the wind or me.
How long I wandered there, I cannot tell;
But some one came and took me by the hand.
I looked but could not see the form that led me,
And went unquestioning, I cared not whither.
We came into a street I seemed to know,
And to a house that I had seen before.
The shutters were all closed; the house looked dead.
The door was opened soundless. We went in.
And entering again an inner room,
Its darkness was so dense, I seemed to fear
To strike myself against it. The door closed.
And then I saw that there was something black,
Dark in the blackness of the night, heaved up

In the middle of the room. Then I could see
That there were darker shapes all round the room,
Like women in long mantles, that stooped forward,
With long hoods hanging low down from their heads,
All shaped of blacker darkness. Not a sound
Broke the death-stillness. Then the shapeless thing
Began to move. Four horrid muffled figures
Did bear it from the room. And we all followed,
The stooping woman-shapes, and I. They left
The house in long procession. But I walked
Alone beside the coffin; for I saw
Now in the glimmering light what thing it was.
And now I saw the woman-shapes: ah me!
Undine dressed in white, and heaving up
White arms in lamentation; Desdemona
In her night-robe, crimson on the left side;
Thekla in black, with resolute white face;
And Margaret in fetters; yet she kept
Up with the rest with a slow gliding motion,
And that look frozen on her face, wherewith
She shrieked on Henry. Many, many more,
Women in suffering and true-heartedness,
Women that make man proud and humble too;
And in the coffin lay my wife—*my* wife.

The scene changed as we still went on. For hills
Began to rise on either side the path.
Until at last we came into a valley,
Narrow, whence mountains rose abrupt to heaven,

Cone-shaped and pinnacled—shot to the skies.
Upon the eastern side was one whose summit
Shone through the dusky air with its faint snow.
Upon its sides the glaciers gave their tint,
A dull metallic gleam, unto the night.
On every lower peak and every crag,
Aye on the glaciers' breast, stood human forms,
Motionless, waiting; men that trod the earth
Like gods; or glorious shapes that only moved
In beauty-haunted minds; up, up, to the apex
Of the snow-spear-point. *Morn* had raised himself
From Giulian's tomb in Florence, where the chisel
Of Michelagnolo placed him reclining,
And stood upon the crest.

A cry awoke
Amid the watchers at the lowest base,
And slowly rose, springing from mouth to mouth,
Up the vast mountain-side, to its far top;
And "*Is God coming?*" was the cry; which died
Away in silence; for no voice said *No.*
The bearers stood, and set the coffin down;
The mourners gathered round it in a group;
Somewhat apart I stood, I know not why.
Minutes went by. Again the cry awoke,
And clomb the mountain-side, then died away
In the thin air, far up. No answer came.
How long we waited thus, I cannot tell—
How oft the cry arose and died again.

But at last from the summit to the base
A mighty voice descended: "*God is coming!*"
Oh! what a music clothed the mountain-side,
From all that multitude's melodious throats,
Of joy and lamentation and strong prayer!
It ceased, for hope was too intense for song.
A pause.—The figure on the crest flashed out,
Clothed in keen light. The sun was rising—rose
Higher and higher, till a ray fell down
Upon the coffin 'mid the circling group.
What God did for the rest, I know not; they
Were easy to be helped.—I saw them not.—
I saw thee at my feet, my wife, my own!
My Lilia, with an angel-face of grief;
But that I saw not first; thy head was down,
Thou on thy knees, thy dear hands clasped between.
I sought to raise thee, but thou wouldst not rise,
And only once didst lift thy face to mine,
Then turn it to the earth. Would God the dream
Had lasted ever!—no, 'twas but a dream;
Thou art not rescued yet. Earth's morning came,
And my soul's morning died away in grey.
The last I know was thy white dress yet steeped
In that sun-glory, and a burst of song
Ending a psalm. Silence took me like sound:
I had not listened in the excess of joy.

SCENE XVIII. *Portsmouth. A bed-room in a Hotel.* LORD SEAFORD *seated in his dressing-gown.* LADY GERTRUDE.

Lord S. 'Tis for your sake, my Gertrude, I am sorry ;
To lose this packet is not much to me.
If you could go alone, I'd make you go.

Lady Gertrude. And leave you ill? No, you are not so cruel.
Believe me, father, I am happier
In waiting on you here in your sick chamber,
Than I should be upon a glowing island
In the blue bay of Naples.

Lord S. It was so sudden!
I fear it will not leave me quite so quickly.
But go, dear Gertrude, ere the sun be hot,
And walk awhile. Then come to me again.
Put the ice near me, child ; there, that will do.

Lady Gertrude. Good-bye then, father, for an hour or so. (*Goes.*)

Lord S. I never knew what illness was before.
O life! to think a man should stand so little
On his own will and choice, as thus to be
Cast from his high throne suddenly, and sent
To grovel beast-like. All the glow is gone
From the rich earth! No sense left to commune
Or touch with beauty. Even she hath passed
Into the far horizon, like a dream
Of grief and loss and passionate despair.

Is there no beauty? Is it all a show
Projected from the healthy blood and nerves,
A reflex of well-ordered organism?
And is it all a desert? Do the flowers
Mean nothing? Is a woman's heart in fact
No more mysterious, no more beautiful,
Than I am to myself this ghastly moment,
So sick and feverish and faint? O God!
It must be so—it *must*, except thou art,
And didst intend the meaning that we see,
Send forth the beauty we seem to take in.
O Soul of Nature, if thou art not, if
There dwelt not in Thy thoughts the primrose-flower.
Before it blew on any bank of Spring;
Then all is untruth, unreality,
And we are wretched things; our highest needs
Are less than we, the offspring of ourselves;
And when we are sick, they *are* not; and our hearts
Die with the voidness of the universe.
But if Thou art, O God, then all is true;
And Thy thoughts shine in beauty, when our eyes
Are filmy; and the weary, troubled brain
Throbs in an endless round of tiresome dreams.
And she is beautiful——and I have lost her!
O God! Thou art; and I, ah me! have sinned
Against Thy beauty and Thy graciousness!
That woman was not mine, but Thine. If Thou
Didst make Thy thought pass into form, and then

That glory pass before my eyes of love;
Why should I stretch my hand to make it mine,
Nor kneel and worship Thee, and be content
That she, the Beautiful, doth dwell in Thee,
And is Thine own, for my deep reverence?
Forgive me, God! forgive me, Lilia!
My love has taken vengeance on my love;
I writhe and moan; yet will I be content;
And gladly will I yield thee, so to find
That thou art not a phantom, but God's child:
That Beauty is a truth, though not for me.
Tell me that it is real; I will not touch it.
I have sinned against the Soul of love and beauty,
Denying Him and grasping at His work.

SCENE XIX. *A country church-yard.* JULIAN *seated on a tombstone.* LILY *gathering flowers and grass among the graves.*

Julian. O soft place of the earth! down-pillowed couch
Made ready for the weary. Everywhere,
O Earth, thou hast one gift for thy poor children,
Room to lie down, leave to cease standing up,
And to return to thee; and in thy bosom
To lie in perfect luxury of peace,
Fearless of morn and day; as a new babe
Lies snuggling in its mother's arms in bed,
As if that nest of blessedness were all,
And no tide setting strong for the wide sea,

Bearing him helpless unto consciousness.
But thou, thank God, hast this warm bed at last
Ready for him when weary; where the green
Close-matted coverlid shuts out the dawn.
O Lilia, would it were our wedding bed
To which I bore thee with a second joy!
How couldst thou leave me, my poor child? my heart
Was all so tender to thee! But I know
My face was not. Oh! I was so perplexed
With thoughts of questions to be solved, before
My heart could rest in peace, that my love-thoughts
Were often quenched in workings of the brain.
Ah me! I know now I did ill for thee
In making thee my wife. I should have gone
Alone into eternity. I was
Too rough for thee, for any tender woman,
And none else I had loved; too full of fancies;
Too given to meditation. Oh! I know
Now, but too well, that common deeds of love
Are better than all metaphysic truths;
That smiles are more than grandest thoughts to teach.
Thou, with thy rich keen senses, how couldst thou
Keep loving me withdrawn from all thy sight?
How couldst thou fail to love a man who came
Raying from out his face a manhood on thee
Which answered to thy seeking womanhood,
And overpowered thee of necessity?
I brought thee pine-boughs, rich in hanging cones,

But never at thy feet flung chesnut-flowers.
O God, forgive me; it is all my fault.
Thou gavest me a woman rich in heart,
And I have kept her like a caged sea-mew
Which a boy starves; then weeps when it is dead.
O God, I have been proud — so terribly;
Now, now, I see that often it was pride
That drove me from her, would not let me speak.
I could not rid me of myself. Why not
Have cast my being, life and all, on hers;
Knowing that nothing is too much to fling
Before the beauteous daughter of high God,
Even at her feet abandonedly? Why not
Have been content to minister and wait?
And if she answered not to my desires,
Have smiled in faith and waited? God doth give
A hundred years unto an aloe-flower,
And I not five unto a woman's soul.
Could I not have done thus, with help from thee,
And drunk at last the vintage-wine of love?
Why should I think of self? I hate myself!
God, let me perish! So thy beautiful
Be brought with gladness and with singing home.
I flung her love back on her lovely heart;
I did not shield her in the wintry day;
And she has withered up and died and gone.
If thou wilt give her back to me, I vow
To be her slave, and serve her with my soul.

I in my hand will take my heart, and burn
Sweet perfumes on it to relieve her pain:
I, I have ruined her — O God, save thou!

He bows his head on his knees. Lily *comes running up to him, stumbling over the graves.*

Lily. Why do they make so many hillocks, father?
The flowers could grow without them.

Julian. So they could.

Lily. What are they for, then?

Julian. (*aside.*) I wish I had no brought her;
She *will* ask questions. I must tell her all.
(*aloud.*) 'Tis where they lay them when the story's done.

Lily. What! lay the boys and girls?

Julian. Yes, dearest child;
To keep them warm till it begin again.

Lily. Is it dark down there? (*clinging to Julian, and pointing down.*)

Julian. Yes, it is dark; but pleasant — oh, so sweet!
For out of there come all the pretty flowers.

Lily. Did the church grow out of there, with the long stalk
That tries to touch the little frightened clouds?

Julian. It did, my darling. — There's a door down there
That leads away to where the church is pointing.

She is silent for some time, and keeps looking first down and then up, till Julian *carries her away in his arms.*

SCENE XX. *Lord Seaford's room in the hotel.* LORD SEAFORD *dressed, but looking very ill. Enter* LADY GERTRUDE *and* BERNARD.

Lady Gertrude. I have found an old friend, father.
He is come
To see you.

Lord S. Bernard! who would have looked for you
In Portsmouth! Did you hear we were delayed,
And come to see us?

Bern. I was here on business,
And met the Lady Gertrude in the street,
Much to my wonder, more to my delight.

Lady Gertrude. I'll leave you, father. It will do you good
To have a change of company awhile. (*goes.*)

Bern. Where is the Countess?

Lord S. Countess! What do you mean?
I do not know.

Bern. Then no one knows.

Lord S. The Countess
Lamballa, do you mean? You frighten me!

Bern. I am very glad to hear you do not know;
For since I saw the Count, I would not have you
Wrong one grey hair upon his noble head.

LORD SEAFORD *covers his eyes with his hand.*

You have not heard the talk about yourself?

That interesting subject reaches last
A man's own ear. The public has decreed
You and the Countess run away together
To Italy or elsewhere. Certainly
She too has vanished from the London Argos.
Why she and you are coupled thus, I know not,
But that she has been often at your house.
The Count believes it. I have seen him twice:
A frightful change has passed between the times—
He has the countenance of a dying man.

Lord S. (*who has listened without motion, suddenly starting up and ringing the bell.*) O God! what am I?
My love burns like hate,
Scorching and blasting with a fiery breath.
What have I done to thee, O beautiful!

Bern. What the deuce ails you, Seaford? Are you raving?

Enter Waiter.

Lord S. Post-chaise for London—four horses—instantly.

He sinks exhausted in his chair.

Scene XXI. Lily *in bed, very ill.* Julian *seated by her, holding her hand.*

Lily. O father, take me on your knee, and nurse me.
One story about me is nearly done.

He takes her on his knees, but cannot speak.

I am so tired, I almost wish to go
Down to the warm place that you showed me there,
Where all the little boys and girls are lying
In little beds, white curtains, and white tassels.
No, no, no—it is so dark down there,
And you will not come near me all the night.

Julian. You shall not go, my pet; don't be afraid.

Lily. O will you keep me always, father dear?
And though I sleep ever so sound, still let me
Lie in your arms, and on your breast—so?
Oh! I should be so so happy, never to move.
'Tis such a dear well place; all is well there.
Dear, kind father, do not let me go.
I cannot leave you, father—love hurts so.

Julian. Yes, darling; love does hurt. It is too good
Never to hurt. Shall I walk with you now,
And try to make you sleep?

Lily. Yes—no; for I should leave you then. Oh,
I'm so sick!
Mother, mother, dear mother!

He sits with her on his knees, lying against his bosom. She sleeps at last. He sits as before, and seems to fall into a kind of trance, in which he talks.

Julian. A voice comes from the vacant, wide sea-vault:
Man with the heart, praying for woman's love,
Receive thy prayer: be loved; and take thy choice:
Take this or this. O Heaven and Earth! I see—

What is it? Statue trembling into life
With the first rosy flush upon the skin?
Or woman-angel, richer by lack of wings?
I see her, where I know not; for I see
Nought else: she filleth space, and eyes, and brain —
God keep me! in celestial nakedness.
She leaneth forward, looking down in space,
With large eyes full of longing, made intense
By mingled fear of something yet unknown;
Her arms thrown forward, circling half; her hands
Half lifted, and half circling, like her arms.
O heavenly artist! whither hast thou gone
To find my own ideal womanhood?
Keep me, O God! I am too weak for thee.
I hear the voice again: *Speak but the word;*
She will array herself and come to thee.
Lo, at her white foot lie her daylight clothes,
Her earthly dress to labour in for thee.
—I see a woman-form, laid as in sleep,
Close by the white foot of the wonderful;
It is the same shape, line for line, as she
That stands above it; only more like one
That needs to lie on something; and I see
Green grass and daisies shadowing her limbs.
Why speak I not the word?——Clothe thee, and come,
O infinite woman! my life faints for thee.
Once more the voice: *Stay! look on this side first:*
I spake of choice. Look here, O son of man!

And choose between them. Ah! ah! (*silence.*)
Her I knew
Some ages gone; the woman who did sail
Down a long river with me to the sea;
Who gave her lips up freely to my lips,
Her body willingly into my arms;
Came down from off her statue-pedestal,
And was a woman in a common house,
Not beautified by fancy every day,
And losing worship by her gifts to me.
She gave me that white child—what came of her?
I have forgot.—I opened her heart,
And did not fill it to the brim with love;
And so—and so—she—went away and died—
O God! what was it? Something terrible—
I will not stay to choose, nor look again
Upon the Beautiful—give me my wife,
The woman of the old time on the Earth.
O woman-soul, fold not thy parted hands,
Nor let thy hair weep like a sunset-rain
From thy bent brows, shadowing thy snowy breasts!
If thou descend to Earth, and find no man
To love thee purely, strongly, in his *will*,
Even as he loves the Truth, because he will,
And when he cannot see it beautiful;
Then thou mayst weep, and I will help thee weep.
Voice, speak again, and tell my wife to come.—

Ah! she is kneeling at my feet again!
'Tis the same dress, same parting of the hair,
As when I knew her last. Is her face changed?
My love rains on thee, like a close warm shower,
My dove descending to rest on thy head;
I bless and sanctify thee for my own;
Lift up thy face, and let me look on thee.—
Heavens, what a face! 'tis hers! It is not hers!
'Tis one that I have seen and loved before.
She rises; turns her face from me to God,
With great rapt orbs; and brow, as if the stars
Might find new orbits there, and be content;
And curved lips, so sweetly closed, as if
Their opening must be song or prophecy;
A high-entranced maiden, ever pure,
And thronged with burning thoughts of God and Truth.
Vanish her earthly garments; the old silk
That the worm spun, the linen of the flax.
O heavens! she standeth there, my statue-form,
With the rich golden torrent-hair, white feet,
And hands with rosy palms; my own ideal!
The woman of *my* world, with deeper eyes
Than I had power to think,—and yet my Lilia,
My wife, with homely thoughts of Earth about her;
And dearer to my heart as my lost wife,
Than to my soul as its new-found ideal.
O, Lilia! teach me; at thy knees I kneel;

Make me thy scholar; speak, and I will hear.
And all Eternity ——

He is wakened by a cry from the child.

Lily. O, father! put your arms close round about me.
Kiss me. Kiss me harder, father dear.
Now! I am better now.

She looks long and almost passionately in his face. Her eyes close; her head drops backwards; and she is dead.

SCENE XXII. LILIA *at a table in a cottage. She is folding a letter.*

Lilia. Now I have told him all; no word kept back
To burn within me like an evil fire.
And where I am, I have told him; and I wait
To know his will. What if he love me not,
If he will take me back, I can love him,
And wait on him submissive, — gift enough
For one life, to be servant to that man!
It was but pride, or pride mingled with love,
That drove me from him. He and my sweet child
Must miss my hands, if not my eyes and heart.
How lonely is my Lily all the day,
Till he comes home and makes her Paradise!
I go to be a servant; every word
That comes from him softer than a command,
I'll count it gain, and lay it in my heart,

But not forget that I am servant still.
I think he will receive me; for he reads
One chapter in Saint Luke oftener than any.

SCENE XXIII. LILY *lying dead.* JULIAN *looking on her.*

Julian. The light of setting suns be on thee, child!
Joy be with thee! yea God, for he is Joy;
Peace to himself, and unto us deep joy.
Love be with thee! yea God, for he is Love.
Thou wilt need love, even God's, to give thee joy.
Children, they say, are born into a world,
Where grief is their first portion: thou, I think,
Hast not had much of grief. Thy second birth
Into the spirit-world, has taught thee grief,
If now thou knowest all thy mother's story,
And all thy father's hardness unto her.
If *she* should turn away from me, O God!
Now I am free to follow and find her.
Thy truer father took thee home to him,
That he might grant my prayer, to save my wife.
I thank him for his gift of thee; for all
That thou hast taught me, blessed little child.
I love thee, dear, with an eternal love.
And now farewell! (*Kissing the little dead body.*)
No, not farewell; I come;
Years keep me not, but lead me unto thee.
Oh! will they lead as surely unto her?

Enter a Jew.

Jew. What is your pleasure with me? Here I am, Sir.

Julian. Go through the two next rooms; then look at this.

What will you give for all that they contain?

Jew goes.

I must sell all that I may follow her;
I have no need nor wish left else. When once
I have laid my little darling down to sleep,
In that same sunny churchyard with the flowers,
Straight from her grave, I'll take my pilgrim-way;
And calling up all old forgotten skill,
All knowledge of strange human-kind, I'll mix
In the loud world like one of them again.
My old experience in its winding ways,
Sharpened by sleepless love for my lost bride,
Will find her out as certainly as Death,
If all the world were sworn to secrecy.
I'll seek for her, my wife, until I die.
She is my soul, and I have lost the gem;
I dare not give account of talents lent,
Until I search the world, and find the lost;
Then will I go in gladness.

Re-enter Jew.

Well, your sum?

Jew. Give me a little time to see this room.
The things are all old-fashioned and ill-kept;
They're worth but little.
Julian. Yes, I know they are.
Say what you will — only make haste and go,
For I must bury her this afternoon.
Jew. Say twenty pounds?
Julian. Well, fetch the money now.
And take possession instantly. I wait
For your return. Make haste, I pray you, Sir.

Scene XXIV. *The country-churchyard.* Julian *standing by Lily's new-filled grave. He looks very worn and ill.*

Julian. Now I can leave thee safely to thy sleep;
Thou wilt not wake and miss me, my fair child!
Nor will they, for she's fair, steal this ewe-lamb,
Out of this fold, while I am gone to seek
And find the wandering mother of my lamb.
I cannot weep; for thou art near me still.
Thou dost not find it very dark down there?
Would I could go to thee; I long to go;
My limbs are tired; my eyes are sleepy too;
Fain would my heart give up this beat, beat, beat!
O gladly would I come to thee, my child,
And lay my head upon thy little heart,
And sleep in the divine munificence

Of thy great love. But 'tis not evening yet;
She is in danger yet; and I will go.

He turns to go, but sinks down on the grave. After a while he recovers and rises.

Now for the Thames, for Italy, and her.

SCENE XXV. *The empty room, formerly Lilia's. Enter* JULIAN.

Julian. How am I here? Ah me! I do not know.
I have come here to die. (*Lies down on the floor.*)
Where's Lilia?
I cannot find her. She is here, I know.
O those long passages and endless stairs
And dreadful shafts of darkness! Lilia!
Lilia! wait for me, child; I'm coming fast,
But something holds me—let me go, devil!
O Lilia, have faith; they cannot hurt you;
You are God's child—they dare not touch you, wife.
O pardon me, my beautiful, my own! (*Sings.*)

O wind, thou blowest many a drifting thing
From sheltering cove, down to the unsheltered sea;
Thou blowest to the sea my blue sail's wing—
Us to a new, love-lit futurity.
Out to the Ocean, fleet and float—
Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

While he sings, enter LORD SEAFORD, *pale and haggard.* JULIAN *descries him suddenly.*

What are you, man? O brother, bury me—
There's money in my pocket,—(*emptying the Jew's gold on the floor*) by my child.
(*Staring at him.*) Oh! you are Death. Go, saddle the pale horse—
I will not walk, I'll ride. What, skeleton!
I cannot sit him! ha! ha! Hither, brute!
Here, Lilia, do the lady's task, my child,
And buckle on my spurs; I'll send him up
With a gleam through the blue, snorting white foam-flakes.
Ah me! I have not won my golden spurs,
Nor is there any maid to bind them on:
I will not ride the horse, I'll walk with thee;
Come, Death, give me thine arm, poor slave! We'll go.

Lord Seaford. (*stooping over him.*) I am Seaford, Count.

Julian. S-e-a-f-o-r-d (*as if recollecting*)—Seaford! (*Springing on his feet.*) Where is my Lilia?

He wavers and falls into Seaford's arms. He lays him down; brings a pillow and puts it under his head; and then leaves him to fetch a doctor.

Lord S. (*as he goes.*) Had I seen the man
The woman had been safe. From whom? Destroyer!

Julian *lies motionless. His insensibility passes into sleep. He wakes calm, in the sultry dusk of a summer evening.*

Julian. O what a fearful dream! 'Tis gone, thank God.

He is quiet a little.

I thought that thou didst take the child away,
To let me find my wife. Thy will be done.
Thou wilt not let me go. This last desire
I yield to thee with grief, but willingly.
I have prayed to thee, and thou hast heard my prayer;
Take thou thine own way, leading her to thee.
Cleanse her—I cannot know thy mightiness;
But thou art mighty, with a power unlike
All, all that we know by the name of power,
Transcending it as intellect transcends
The stone upon the ground; it may be more;
For these are both created; thou art not,
But hast created thought.
Now it is past,
My spirit's journey through this strange sad Earth;
This part is done, whatever cometh next.
The first day of the being wonderful,
Which sayeth *I*, is sinking fast away;
So it would lay its well-worn dress aside,
As men their garments ere they go to sleep.
'Tis a strange thing *To be*. This the first act
Of one of God's great dramas. Is it so?
Sweep not dim dreamy thoughts across my soul
Of something that I knew and know not now?
Of something differing from all this Earth?
Ah me! I cannot tell; I only know

That God will teach his Life as he sees fit.
How mighty he must be to have the right
To sway this mighty thing I feel I am,
To mould and form it, as his will doth will —
All in his image, life, light, strength, and beauty!
O God, I come to thee, thou art my Life;
O God, thou art my home, I come to thee.
Can this be death? for I am lifted up
Large-eyed into the night. All I see now
Is that which *is*, the living awful Truth;
All forms of which are but spark-rays flung out
From the luminous ocean of the clothed sun,
Himself all dark. Ah! I remember me;
Christ said to Martha,—"Whosoever liveth,
"And doth believe in me, shall never die."
I wait, I wait, expecting, till the door
Of God's wide theatre be open flung
To let me in. What wonders I shall know!
A wonder to myself who look thereon!
The expectation filleth me like life,
Dancing through all my veins. Yet would I not
Forget the wonders thou hast showed me here.
Perhaps I shall not leave them yet, but know
Their strangeness and their meaning clearer still,
Living a loftier life on this same Earth,
Which has a whole Eternity left yet
Of things not understood, or known in part.
Once more I thank thee, ere I go, for all

The blessings thou hast given me; most of all
For a soul that could wonder and seek thee;
Next, for the ill-used gift of woman's love.
Remember her, my God! If thou save her,
My soul will thank thee with a power of love
Which will content thee; — with full-flowing song,
The very bubbles on whose dancing waves
Are daring faith-thoughts flung down at thy feet.
My heart sinks in me—I grow faint—I feel
As if a wind of love were fanning me—
As something stooped to kiss me—Ah, my Lily!
God hath not flung thee over his garden-wall.

Re-enter LORD SEAFORD *with the* DOCTOR. JULIAN *takes no heed of them. The* DOCTOR *shakes his head.*

My little child, I'll never leave thee more;
We are both children now in God's big house.
Come, lead me; you are older here than I
By three whole days, my darling angel-child!

A letter is brought in. LORD SEAFORD *gives it to* JULIAN. *He takes it, and looks vaguely at it.*

Lord S. It is a letter from the Countess.
Julian. (*Feebly.*) What!
A letter from my Lilia! Bury it with me —
I'll read it in my chamber, by and by;

Dear words should not be read with others near.
Lilia, my wife! I have gone home to God.

Lord S. (*Bending over him.*) Your wife is innocent.

JULIAN *gazes at him blankly. Then a light begins to grow in his eyes. It grows till it illuminates and transfigures his face. He fixes his eyes on* SEAFORD, *but does not speak. The light vanishes. He dies.*

END OF PART IV.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the father's heart rich good invent?
Each time we smell the Autumn's dying scent,
We know the primrose time will come again;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not mis-spent
Is confidence unto the Father lent:
Thy need is sown and rooted for his rain.
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are his ways
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,
A sunny joy will crown thy head with rays;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

PART V.

A DREAM.

SCENE I. "*A world not realized.*" LILY. *To her*, JULIAN.

Lily. O father, come with me! I have found her — mother.

SCENE II. *A Room in a Cottage.* LILIA *on her knees before the Crucifix. She is clothed in black; her back only is seen, for the Poet dares not look on her face. On a chair beside her lies an open book, in which one can read CHAPTER VIII. Though she knows it not, behind her stands a beautiful angel, bending forward, as if he wished to protect her with his wings partly expanded. Appear* JULIAN, *with* LILY *in his arms.* LILY *looks with love on the angel, and a kind of longing fear on her mother.*

Julian. Angel, thy part is done; leave her to me.

Angel. Wonderful one! to thee I must give place;
Thy ministry is stronger far than mine;
Yet I have watched her well.—She sat with him.
He gave her rich white flowers with crimson scent;
The tuberose and datura ever burning
Their incense to the dusky face of night.
He spoke to her pure words of lofty sense,
But tinged with poison for a tranced ear.

He bade faint music sound of low farewells,
Which fixed her eyes upon a leafy picture,
Wherein she wandered through an amber twilight
Towards a low grave in a sleepy nook.
And ever and anon she sipped pale wine,
Rose-tinged, rose-odoured, from a silver cup.
He sang a song, each verse of which closed up,
Like a day-wearied daisy for the night,
With these words falling like an echo low,
"O let us love and weep and faint and die."
With the last verse the tears flowed at their will,
Without a sob, down from their cloudy skies.
He took her hand in his, and it lay still.—
A blast of music from a wandering band
Billowed the air with sudden storm that moment.
The visible wall of all material things
Was rent—the vast eternal void looked in
Upon her awe-struck soul. She cried and fled.
It was the sealing of her destiny.
A wild convulsion shook her inner world;
The lowest depths were heaved tumultuously;
Far unknown molten gulfs of being rushed
Up into mountain-peaks, and there stood still.
A soul that led a fairy life, athirst
For beauty only, passed into a woman's;
In pain and tears was born a child-like need
For God, for Truth, and for essential Love.
But first she woke in terror; was alone,

For God she saw not;—woke up in the night,
The great wide night, without a mother's hand
To soothe her, or a father's voice to cheer.
She would not come to thee; for love of thee
Too keenly stung her heart to let her come,
And gave her bitter names to call herself.
So she came here that she might seek for God,
Remembering thee, and words which thou hadst spoken
In other days, by winds borne far away,
Returning in the storm of wretchedness.
But now farewell! My care of her is over.

Julian. A heart that knows what thou canst never know,
Fair angel, blesseth thee, and saith, farewell.

The Angel goes. JULIAN *and* LILY *take his place.* LILIA *is praying, and they hear parts of her prayer.*

Lilia. O Jesus, hear me! Let me speak to Thee.
No fear oppresses me; for misery
Doth fill my heart too full for any fear.
Is there no help, O Holy? am I stained
Beyond release?

Julian. Lilia, thy purity
Maketh thy heart abuse thee. I, a fool,
Sinned more against thee, in believing it,
Than thou, by ten times what thou didst, poor child,
Hadst wronged thy husband.

Lilia. Pardon will not do:

I need much more, O master. That word *go*
Was spoken surely not to send from thee
The sinful wife whom thou wouldst not condemn!
Might she not come again behind thy feet,
And weep, and wipe, and kiss them, Mary's son?
And so be blessed with a heavenly grief.
Or was that crime at last too great for thee?
For well I know I am far worse than she
Who gave her best, her tears, her hair, her lips,
To soothe feet hard with Galilean roads.
O God, O God, find some excuse for me.
Wilt thou not find something to say for me,
As for the crowd that cried against thee, then,
When heaven was dark, because thy lamp burned low.

Julian. Not thou, but I am guilty, Lilia.
I made it possible to tempt thee, child.
Thou didst not fall, beloved; but a moment
Beauty was Queen, and Truth not Lord, of all.

Lilia. O Julian, my husband, it is strange,
That when I think of Him, He looks like thee;
And when He speaks to comfort me, the voice
Is like thy voice, my husband, my beloved.
And next to God, to thy knee would I come,
Knowing that thou wouldst think the best of me,
And love and comfort me. O Julian,
I am more thine than ever. O forgive me
For calling me, defiled and outcast, thine;
Yet would I be thy servant; yes, thy slave,

To wash thy feet, and dress thy lovely child,
And bring her at thy call, more wife than I.
But wilt thou ever see me, ere the earth
Lies on us both apart, — Oh! far apart?
How lonely shall I lie all the long years!

Lily. O mother, there are blue skies here, and flowers,
And blowing winds, and kisses, mother dear;
And every time my father kisses me,
It is not father only, but another.
Make haste and come — your head will not ache here.

Lilia. Oh! are they dead? Is it possible? I feel
As if they were so near me! Speak again,
Sweet voices! comfort me; I need it, dear ones!

Julian. (*Sings.*)

Come away! above the storm
Ever shines the blue;
Come away! beyond the form
Ever lies the True.

Lily. (*Sings.*)

Mother, darling, do not weep;
All I cannot tell:
By and by, you'll go to sleep,
And you'll wake so well.

Julian. (*Sings.*)

There is sunshine everywhere
For thy heart and mine:
God, for every sin and care,
Is the cure divine.

Lily. (*Sings.*)

We're so happy all the day,
Waiting for another:
All the flowers and sunshine stay,
Waiting for you, mother.

Julian. My maiden! for true wife is always maid
To the true husband: thou art mine for ever.

Lilia. O what sweet hopes go through and through my soul!
O God, thou shadowest me with rest! I feel
A cloud from thee stoop down and cover me.

She falls asleep on her knees.

SCENE III. JULIAN *standing on the summit of a huge mountain-peak, leaning against a rock. The stars are brilliant around a soft crescent moon, which seems to hang half-way between the mountain and the blue beyond. The Earth is invisible; for at some distance below lies a great sea of white vapour, from which peaks of various heights and sizes emerge like cone-shaped islands. The moonlight is very white on the fog. Beyond a great arm of this sea rises a pinnacle yet loftier than that on which* JULIAN *stands; across which, half-way above* JULIAN'S *position, lies a forked bar of denser cloud, on which* LILY *is lying, looking over its edge down on the sea below.* JULIAN'S *eyes seem to have wandered deep into the heavens, and to be lost there. At length he speaks.*

Julian. And thou wert with me all the time, my God!
Even as now. I was not far from Thee.

Thy Spirit spoke in all my wants and fears,
And hopes and longings. Thou art all in all.
I am not mine, but thine. I cannot speak
The thoughts that work within me like a sea.
When on the earth I lay, and could not stand
Under the weight of desolation on me,
Thy sympathizing face was lighted then
With expectation of my joy to come,
When all the realm of possible ill should lie
Under my feet; and I should stand as now
Secure in faith in Thee, true-hearted One.
It seems as if no man had ever been
So filled to overflowing, like a cup,
With the rich wine of blessedness, my God!
Full as the night with stars, am I with joys;
Full as the heavens with Thee, am I with peace.
And yet, I know, O wonder! that to each,
Each brother and each sister, Thou art full,
And not the same to any as to me;
All moving radiant in the love of each,
Varied refractions of thy pure white light;
Thou with a new revealing for each soul
Emerging new from thy Infinitude,
And craving for an individual word
From thee to fill his spirit-loneliness.
We are all alone with Thee, O infinite Father!
And now I wait fulfilment of my prayer,
The last I uttered ere I left the earth,

My last that hath to do with by-gone things.
She, she is coming, O profuse life-giver!

He turns his gaze downwards.

From the fog-sea below half-rises a woman-form, a wonderful mingling of the earthly and the unearthly in its pure beauty. She floats towards the rock on which JULIAN *stands.*

Julian. Lo, as the lily lifts its shining bosom
Above the couch of waters where it slept,
When the bright morn toucheth and waketh it;
So riseth up my lily from the sea
Where human souls are tried in awful dreams.

LILY *spies her mother, and like a white sea-bird flashes down from her cloud-ledge into the fog.* JULIAN *stands like a statue, looking downwards.* LILY *is borne along in her mother's arms, wild with delight. She becomes more solemn as they approach her father's rock. At length they land on a projecting shelf and climb upwards,* LILY *leading her mother.*

Lily. O mother, I could go much faster.
Lilia. Wait,
Wait, darling, for a little. By and by
I shall be able too. O God, my Julian!
Julian. I may not help her. She must climb and come.

Up and up the rock they climb, the mother and child. At last JULIAN *reaches his hand. They stand beside him, and the three are clasped in one infinite embrace. No word is spoken. At length* JULIAN, *looking up:*

Julian. O God, thy thoughts, thy ways, are not as ours;
Yet fill our longing hearts up to the brim.

The moon and the stars and the blue night close around the three; and the Poet awakes from his dream.

THE END.

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